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Prayer, and Power of the Holy Spirit.

Some years ago I was staying for a couple of days at a Kentish vicarage. The vicar's son, an earnest, zealous young man, asked me to urge upon his father the idea of having a mission in the church. They had had one years before, attended with most gracious results.

It so happened that when occasion offered during my stay to speak to the vicar about a mission, the matter never came into my mind. The morning I left, on my way to the station, the curate waylaid me to ascertain the result. I had to confess my negligence, but said: 'Let me tell you what will just be as good as a mission. Form a prayer-meeting, and definitely seek an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the people, and hold on until the blessing comes.' I urged this upon him.

Accordingly, as it offered an alternative, the prayer-meeting was arranged in a schoolroom. It went on from week to week—how long I cannot say. The interest increased, until one evening when they concluded the meeting, the people did not move. Presently several began to weep. The answer had come; the Holy Spirit was moving in the hearts of the people, and so the work began. Nightly meetings were then held, and I understood more were brought to the Lord than they could have expected under any mission.

I carefully endorse the opinion of James Turner, the Scotch evangelist, when he says of measures such as above, namely, a fellowship of Christian men and women united in prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit: 'I have never known them to fail.'

In a town near to the south coast stood a Nonconformist chapel. No conversions had occurred in this chapel for a very long time. Among the congregation was a young girl who took to heart the deadness which prevailed, and which nothing could disturb. She asked a friend living in St. Leonards to join her in prayer that God would pour out His Spirit upon the people. They met at the throne of grace daily at a time arranged. One morning before getting up a letter reached her from this friend asking her to read Mark xi., 24: 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them,' and to claim the fulfilment of their prayers. Arising, she knelt down, and believingly accepted the answer to their prayers. Immediately the burden of intercession left her; she could only praise God, and look forward to Sunday. The Sunday morning service came. She had no solicitude as to who preached or how or what was preached, but just waited the manifestation of the Spirit of God. As the service proceeded, and before the sermon was reached, a pew door opened and a woman quietly left her seat and walked up to the communion rail, and knelt down; then another, and another, until many gathered there. The work had begun, and went on day after day, bringing many to Jesus, and to the joy of salvation. It is not wonderful that the life of this young lady (Miss M. Atkins), as the late Mrs. Dyer,

should have been thought worthy of publication.

During my evangelistic work in Maidstone a meeting one evening was proceeding in the Concert Hall. We had reached the after-meeting, and, going down among those who had remained, I was greatly shocked and distressed to see three young men lightly larking with each other. The thought of their condition, and that there was so little power in the meeting as to allow of such a thing, took possession of my mind. Standing near to them, I prayed, and with unusual liberty, that God would send forth His Spirit upon us all. Presently there came distinctly the feeling as if a cloud of holy influence was slowly descending upon us. Opening my eyes, I could see nothing, but had still the feeling of an invisible cloud of power slowly descending. My attention then went to the young men. They were behaving as lightly as before, but I watched them, knowing the power of God would surely reach them also; and, even so, in a moment, they went down on their knees, and, all lightness gone, they began to weep. I said to them: 'Go up to the penitent form.' One of them, in great fear, endeavored to do so by walking on his knees, until I lifted him up on his feet. It is needless to say they were all three brought to the Lord.

The above experience was not uncommon during the Ulster Revival. Illustrations of this kind are important. The case of Thomas Collins comes to my mind, a man mighty in Holy Ghost power, who lived a meteor life of service, till overwork laid him in the grave. He was, however, a very ordinary man until on one occasion he heard that saintly, noble Irishman, Gideon Ouseley, pray. Henceforth the burden of his prayer was: 'Oh, Lord, give to me the power which came upon the people when Gideon Ouseley prayed.'

'I Cannot Get Away From God'

Not many years since, a coachman was living in a gentleman's family near London. He had good wages, a kind master, and a comfortable place; but there was one thing which troubled him very much. It is old mother lived in a village close by, and from her he had constant visits. You may wonder that this was such a trouble to him. But the reason was, that whenever she came she spoke to him about Christ and the salvation of his soul.

'Mother,' he at last said, 'I cannot stand this any longer. Unless you drop that subject altogether, I shall give up my place and go out of your reach, where I shall hear no more of such cant.'

'My son,' said his mother, 'as long as I have a tongue, I shall never cease to speak

to you about the Lord, and to the Lord about you.'

The young coachman was as good as his word. He wrote to a friend in the Highlands of Scotland, and asked him to find him a place in that part of the world. He knew that his mother could not write and could not follow him; and though he was sorry to lose a good place, he said to himself:

'Anything for a quiet life.'

His friend soon got him a place in a gentleman's stable, and he did not hide from his mother that he was glad and thankful to get out of her way.

You may think it was a pity she thus drove him to a distance. Would it not have been wiser to say less, and thus not lose the opportunity of putting in a word in season? But she believed, in her simplicity, that she was to keep to the directions given her in the Word of God—that she was to be instant, not in season only, but also out of season.

The coachman was ordered to drive out the carriage and pair, the first day after his arrival in Scotland. His master did not get into the carriage with the rest of the party, but said he meant to go on the box instead of the footman.

'He wishes to see how I drive,' thought the coachman, who was quite prepared to give satisfaction. Scarcely had they driven from the door when the master spoke to the coachman for the first time. He said:

'Tell me if you are saved?'

Had the Lord come to the coachman direct from heaven, it could scarcely have struck him with greater consternation. He simply felt terrified.

'God has followed me to Scotland,' he said to himself. 'I could get away from my mother, but I cannot get away from God!'

And at that moment he knew what Adam must have felt when he went to hide himself from the presence of God behind the trees of the garden. He could make no answer to his master, and scarcely could he drive the horses, for he trembled from head to foot.

His master went on to speak of Christ and again he heard the old, old story so often told him by his mother. By this time it sounded new. It had become a real thing with him. It did not seem then to be glad tidings of great joy but a message of terror and condemnation. He felt that it was Christ, the Son of God, whom he had rejected and despised. He felt, for the first time, that he was a lost sinner. By the time the drive was over, he was so ill from the terrible fear that had come upon him, that he could do nothing else. For some days he could not leave his bed; but they were blessed days to him. His master came to speak to him, to read the Word of God, and to pray; and soon the love and grace of the Saviour he had rejected became a reality to him, as the terror of the Lord had been at first.

He saw there was mercy for the despiser, and he saw that the blood of Christ is the answer before God even for such sin as his had been; and he now felt in his soul the sweetness of those blessed words, 'We love Him because He first loved us!'

He saw that Christ had borne his punishment, and that he who had tried to harden his heart against God and against his own mother, was now without spot or stain in the sight of God who so loved him as to give for him His only Son. The first letter he wrote to his mother contained the joyful tidings:

'God has followed me to Scotland, and has saved my soul!'

'Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.'—'Presbyterian Witness.'

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My Lord and I.

I have a friend so precious,
So very dear to me,
He loves me with such tender love,
He loves so faithfully;
I could not live apart from him,
I love to feel him nigh,
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak,
And as he bids me lean on him,
His help I gladly seek;
He leads me in the paths of light
Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love him,
He knows I love him well,
But with what love he loveth me
My tongue can never tell;
It is an everlasting love
In ever rich supply,
And so we love each other,
My Lord and I.

I tell him all my sorrows,
I tell him all my joys,
I tell him all that pleases me,
I tell him what annoys;
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me what to try,
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so he bids me go and speak
The loving word for him;
He bids me tell his wondrous love,
And why He came to die,
And so we work together,
My Lord and I.

I have his yoke upon me,
And easy 'tis to bear,
In the burden which he carries
I gladly take a share;
For then it is my happiness
To have him always nigh—
We bear the yoke together,
My Lord and I.

—Mrs. L. Shorey.

The Image of the Master.

Bishop Thoburn tells a beautiful story about a picture of his dead child. It seemed a very imperfect photograph, so blurred that scarcely a trace of the loved features could be seen in it. But one day he took the picture to a photographer, and asked him if he could do anything to improve it. In three weeks the bishop returned, and as he saw the picture in its frame on the wall, he was startled. It seemed as if his child were living again before him. The image had been in the old picture, but was concealed beneath the blurs and mists that were there also. The artist, however, had brought it out in strong, living beauty, until it was like life in its tender charm. In every true disciple of Christ there is the image of the Master. It may be very dim. Its features are overlaid by blurs and blemishes, and are almost unrecognizable by human eyes. It is the work of Christ in our lives to bring out this likeness, more and more clearly, until at last it shines in undimmed beauty. This is what Christ is doing in many of his ways with us.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

Individual Work.

On one occasion the writer took as his guest Henry T. Durant, who had been so successful in winning juries and in winning souls, into an inter-denominational meeting of clergymen. The subject of the day was the 'Relation of the Preacher to his Audience.' Mr. Durant, being invited to speak on the subject, gave some suggestions which were both fresh and helpful to those present. He began by saying:

'Brethren, as a lawyer I have been trained in my preaching to feel that I must win every man in my audience or lose my case.'

Then Mr. Durant went on to speak of a lawyer's duty to know, before he began to speak, just how every man on the jury stood as to the case in hand. This knowledge he could gain by watching carefully each member of the jury during the coming in of evidence. Then he showed how the advocate proceeded to win over the individual members of the jury.

In the line of this thought and practice, Henry F. Durant and Charles G. Finney, as lawyer-evangelists, always addressed their auditors rather than their audience; and thus it was that they won so many souls. The converse of this method was illustrated by a well-known 'great preacher,' who said that he never liked to look at an individual in his audience while he was preaching, lest it should distract his thoughts from the subject of his discourse. Verily, each sort of preacher has his reward.—Editor 'Sunday School Times.'

A Mental Post Office.

'I am trying to establish a mental post office,' said a bright little woman, the other day. 'So many good things belonging to other people come to me, and so often, when there is a sudden call for one of them, I cannot find it until it is too late. Then it has to go back to the dead-letter office, lost opportunity office, or whatever you choose to call it, so that I am trying now to put such things in the boxes where they belong. When I hear a clear explanation of some question that has been troubling a friend, I mentally mark it with her name, and lay it away in my memory for her. When I read a story that is a pat refutation of some dangerous theory advanced by our young student, I store it up where it will be ready the next time I talk with him. The bit of life history I have learned from my brave washerwoman, who thinks "there's no end of kind folks in this world," belongs to my well-to-do neighbor who is always bewailing human selfishness.

'No, I don't mean that I am filling my brain with arguments and preachments to pour out upon the unfortunate people who come in my way—not that, at all. But there are so many things which seem to "belong," and can be mentioned naturally, if one only remembers them, and then left to do their work.'

A gentleman once asked a Sunday-school what was meant by the word repentance. A little boy raised his hand. 'Well, what is it, my lad?' 'Being sorry for your sins,' was the answer. A little girl on the back seat raised her hand. 'Well, my little girl, what do you think?' asked the gentleman. 'I think,' said the child, 'it's being sorry enough to quit.' That is just where so many people fail. They are sorry enough at the time, but not sorry enough to quit.

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A large number of subscribers are taking advantage of the Special Jubilee year-end trial rate subscription coupon, which appears in each issue. This special trial rate coupon is, of course, only available to those who have never taken either the Daily or Weekly 'Witness,' or lived with those who have taken it. This special rate is simply made to introduce the paper into new homes. With the coupon referred to, any of our readers who fulfil the conditions may have the 'Weekly Witness' and Canadian Homestead' for the rest of this year for the trifling sum of fifty cents. The 'Weekly Witness' is a twenty-four page newspaper, containing over four times as much matter as the 'Northern Messenger.' It has departments of special interest and value to every member of the family—including a very interesting Department devoted to agriculture.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Day With God.

(The Rev. Isaac Ogden Rankin, in the 'C. E. World.')

The morning, Lord, be Thine, as Thine
Were the still hours of sleep.
About this wandering life of mine
Thy guardian vigils keep.
Though pride and folly lurk within,
And passion lures me still,
Let no enticing thought of sin
Pass by my gates of will.

O patient love, that suffers long,
My pattern and my joy,
Restrain me in the hour of wrong,
The moment of annoy.
From folly let my lips be free,
From feverish hate my heart.
Thou pardonest, Lord, and I would fain
Choose the forgiving part.

No dearer name than Thine be heard,
No dearer will be known—
Who are the true and living Word,
Who lovest still Thine own.
Wherever duty leads my feet,
Whate'er my sorrows be,
Let all the cares of life be sweet
Because I work with Thee.

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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CHAPTER VIII.

Lessons in Leaves.

'And thus among the rocks he lived
Through summer heat and winter snow,
The eagle was the lord above,
And Rob was lord below.'

'I don't think I should like to be a farmer,' said Rodney, looking at a man who went up and down, sowing a great field. 'It must be tedious and stupid to do such work as that.'

'But it comes to something,' said Rasmus. 'If I had to work, I'd take to something about a farm. All we get comes out of the ground, if you bo back enough.'

'What is the most important thing to us that grows out of the earth?' asked Rodney.

'Why, grain, you silly!' said Rasmus.

'You're out, there,' replied Mr. Llewellyn.

'What do you think it is? Apples, punkins, cabbage?'

'None of those things would do us any good if we were not alive to use them; and and none could keep life in us without the help of another thing that grows. Look across that woodland. What gives it that fine, purplish green color?'

'The young leaves just burstin' out,' said Rasmus; 'young leaves isn't all of a color. The beech is purple in the young leaf, and the oak is yellow and pink, or a kind of pink and brassy color, and the maples begin red, and some kinds are yellow, and some silver.'

'And then they speedily turn green. That green is a substance laid in little cells, something like the cells in a honeycomb. It is called chlorophyl—I'll call it "leaf-green"; and if it were not for that, we'd all be dead in short order.'

'Why, we don't eat it, or drink it,' said Rasmus. 'I have heard of hungry people eating young oak leaves, but they got mighty little good by it.'

'I'll explain to you,' said Mr. Llewellyn. 'There is, in all the bodies of men and animals, a little waste or decay going on, all the time; little particles only to be seen through a microscope—atoms called carbon— are brought into our lungs here, where we breathe. If they remained there, we should die. Fill your lungs with this good air: that is oxygen: it goes into the lungs, and at once the little bad carbon atoms seize it and mix with it. Every two atoms of the clean oxygen get one atom of the dirty carbon; and when we breathe out, after having breathed in, we send out of our bodies this carbon, mixed with oxygen. But it is now not good air: this mixing has made it poison. It is called carbonic acid gas, and it is supposed that from the lungs of men and other animals forty-five million tons are thrown into the atmosphere every day. As it is a poison we'd die of it, at that rate, very soon, if it were not for the green leaves. Now, the leaves live and grow on this very carbonic acid that kills men. Look at this leaf under my microscope; it is full of little holes or mouths, especially on the under side. In sunshine they are widest open swallowing all the carbonic acid they can get; but the plant does not want all the carbonic acid, it only wants out of it that little one part of carbon; so it eats that up, and breathes out the two parts of clean oxygen again, so the bad part of the air is eaten up by the plant, and the good part is sent out clean for animals to breathe, and the atom of carbon is turned by the plant—working like a little factory—into sugar, or starch, or wood; and thus made over, we eat it in grain and potatoes, or burn it in our stoves, or build our houses of it. And so, you see, the plant uses and changes what is the waste of our systems, and would poison us.'

'Is that breathing out of what you call carbon stuff, what makes the air so bad when a lot of people are crowded together without doors or windows open?' asked Rasmus.

'Exactly that; it causes disease, and sometimes death.'

'I've seen it in the two and five cent lodgings. I'd rather stay out in any storm than in one of them. My head feels as if it was full of blood, and my stomach turns sick, and my ears ring. It's awful! You see, they crowd them places as full as they can hold, for people to lie right along, and some of them goes in sick, or drunk, or dead tired, and drops asleep directly; and in the morning they feel nigh dead. They have headache, and are dizzy, and stiff, so if they can raise a nickle, they run right off for a dram. There wouldn't be nigh so much early drunks, if the police didn't allow them lodging-houses, packed like herring boxes, or if people would see to it that the miserable people had decent lodgings, with separate beds, and some air in the room. Some of them lodgings the poor folks have nowhere else to go in the morning, and they feel weak and tired, and worse than when they come in, and the keepers can't get 'em woke up, and cleared out. I've knowed where the beds was sacking, string or rope, and in the morning they untied the rope, and let 'em down, and that woke 'em up. I don't want you to think I slept in such dens. I've got some respec' for myself. But if there was half-way clean lodgings, lodgings as decent as a pretty good pig-pen, or chicken-house, or car-stable for poor folks, and a cheap place where they could get hot breakfast, I say there wouldn't be half so much drunken folks. They is drove to drunkenness, many of them. I've lived among them, and the beauty of me is, when I talks, I knows what I'm talking about.'

'That is very wonderful about the leaves and the animals,' said Rodney, coming out of a reverie. While Rasmus had been giving himself to the practical issues of the matter, Rodney had been devoting his attention to the theoretical.

'It shows, as all nature does, when studied, plan. The more we learn about nature, the more we see the Divine mind and wisdom lying back of it. It is no mere accident that every plant thrives on what the system of man rejects, and by an interchange of good offices the animal feeds the vegetable world, and the vegetable the animal, while the poison absorbed by the leaf, is in its wonderful alchemy converted into proper food, or fuel, or clothing-fibre for man.'

'Then all the plants are thinking about or working for, is to take care of man?' said Rodney.

'No; what they are all busy about is to produce other and healthy plants of their kind, so that the stock shall not die out; and while they are so busy, they are doing all this in man's behalf. The object of this great oak here by the road, is not to shade us or the cattle, not to clean so many pounds of air to refit it for our breathing; not to grow timber for ships; not to feed squirrels and mice, but to produce these acorns—in multitude, so that while many must perish or be eaten up, some will live and grow into future oaks. While doing this, all those other beneficent acts of shade and oxygenating air, and increasing moisture, and providing fuel, food, and timber come in its way. So, any man, who in his life is with all his might working to some honest end—that end set for him—does incidentally, and by the way, much other good. Now, here is an acorn, buried and sprouted at the root of this tree. Look at it. The shell, thick and varnished, was to keep it safe from rot over winter. Here in the middle, you see the beginning of the big tree-top in this little plumule, like a white feather, and the promise of all the huge roots in this little radicle, like another feather.'

'Why, it's a tree—a little, fine picture of a tree!' cried Rasmus, with great joy.

'Exactly; and these thick parts of the acorn are to nourish the little plant, to feed it, and breathe for it, and be its work-shop, until it is strong enough to work for itself. These "seed-leaves" are the property, or inheritance, laid up by the parent oak for its young child.'

'And what part of the tree makes the alcohol?' asked Rasmus.

'No part; there is none in the tree.'

'Well, in the plant, then—the fruit. They say, came the alcohol. In all these grains and kinds of fruit. I've seen 'em. When I worked for the farmer, I carted peaches and apples and grain to a 'stillery.

'And there was not a drop of alcohol in any of them.'

'How did it come out of them, then?' demanded Rasmus.

'They were sound and living things, when you took them to the distillery. They were let die, and began to rot; from death and decay, came the alcohol. If all these grains and fruits is some portion of sugar, greater or less: the sugar by heat in decay, ferments, and from the fermentation arises a new substance, not in the healthy and living plant—alcohol. Alcohol is death. It is the child of decay, and it creates decay in living tissues. You may take a dead bug, or a dead snake, and bottle it up in alcohol, and it will keep without rotting. It is by the alcohol protected from outer air, and the alcohol acts on it in a measure like cooking it; but put alcohol in a living tissue, as a man's stomach, and it produces fever, indigestion, corruption.'

'Is that what makes drinking folks' breath so horrible, and their skin so liable to break out in sores? Now, I never had a sore on me, and if I cut or scratch myself, the skin closes up directly. My flesh is as nice as a baby's,' said Rasmus, with great pride, turning up his shirt-sleeve, and exposing his white and muscular arm. Rasmus was a very magnificent specimen of an animal, and he was proportionately vain thereof. He took the naïve satisfaction in himself of a little child, who stands before a glass, and tranquilly remarks: 'O, I are pretty! How 'feet I am!'

'Then alcohol is a poison,' said Rodney, 'got by fermentation?'

'Yes. The distiller drives fermentation to its utmost limit, to turn all the sugar of his grain or fruit into alcohol. When the wash or mash is full of alcohol—that is, when all the sugar has been so turned that can be, for he will lose a little of it, no doubt—he proceeds to separate the alcohol by distillation. To turn this alcohol into various drinks, it is mingled with water, burnt sugar, cocculus indicus, and a great many other drugs and poisons, all unfit to go into a human body—or any other body.'

'See here,' said Rasmus, holding out his hand, after they had walked along in silence for a while.

He had three hickory nuts on his palm. One shell was split into two parts: one had a little, smooth, perfectly round hole in it; the third, a small irregular hole.

'They're all empty. What got a dinner out of them?'

'Squirrels,' said Mr. Llewellyn and Rodney.

'Only out of the split one. Mr. Squirrel

split the shell. Who ate out of the others?'

'Not squirrels?'

'No. A mouse drilled that fine round hole with his neat little teeth. No carpenter or joined could do a better job. He goes in for science. But this rough, crooked hole was made by a nut-hatch. He's the smartest little bird ever you saw. He takes his nut, and sets it tight in the crotch of a limb, where every drive he gives at it, will only fix it tighter, and he hews out a bit of the shell and eats the meat. He don't lay out such handsome work as the mouse, but he does good service for himself, in eating; he gets all there is. Did you ever hear one of them woodpeckers laugh? When he strips off a slice of bark, and finds a lot of grubs under it, he is so tickled that he hangs on with his toes and throws back his head, and laughs like a good fellow. Then some of 'em lays up a pantry of provisions; they peck a hole in a rotten tree, and wedge in an acorn; then another, and another, and so on. The sassy little critters know that come spring, each of them nuts will have a big fat grub for 'em to eat, and they don't forget, they goes right back to their pantry and eats what they stored up. I'll tell you what I see one day. A cat had gone to a field where the crows had made nests in some trees, and the crows didn't want him round, so they ranged in a line, and swooped down on him, and made the fur fly one by one. The cat wanted to go home, but whenever he broke cover the crows come down on him. And it was a sight to see the cat run along under bushes so they couldn't get him, and then spy out for the next neatest, and make a dash, and so to the next, and finally to the barn by zig-zagging all over the field. Once I see all the birds in an orchard, wrens, robins, blue-birds, orioles, blackbirds, and sparrows, join that way to chase a cat, and the cat run like mad, and the birds flying low in a long train, screaming and scolding, and led by a plucky little king-bird. When the cat was out of the orchard the birds lifted up, and went home singing. Set an example to folks to unite when they want to clean out a bad thing.'

It was now almost six o'clock, and they were passing a field. Some one behind a hedge shouted, 'Is that you I hear, Rasmus?'

'Hullo,' said Rasmus, looking over the hedge. 'How are you, Mr. Jackson?'

'Hearty. I knew your voice; you roar like a speaking trumpet. Never heard such a shouter in my life. Helps me to believe what I read of Whitfield preaching to thousands at once, and making 'em all hear. Why, you are never going past us without stopping, Rasmus?'

'I didn't know you was home,' said Rasmus.

'And, you might stop and ask. You face up the lane.'

'But—I've got company.'

The farmer looked through the hedge at the company, and approved them. 'Go on; go, all of you; you're all welcome. There's a room at the house, and a mow of hay sweet as a lily at the barn, and provender plenty. You go on. I'll take the horses out of the plow, and come after you.'

'I'll take the horses up,' said Rasmus. 'It does me good to have to do with farm-work.'

'Why the nation then don't you settle to it? I'll give you twenty-two dollars a month, and your board, from this till the first of January, if you'll close the bargain.'

'I can't,' said Rasmus; 'I'd like it powerful: you're the right sort of a man, Mister Jackson; but I'm advertising for my little chap, and I make sure I'll find him this trip.'

Mr. Jackson shook his head. 'You'll go on the hunt, Rasmus, till you're old and gray, all for nothing, I'm afraid.'

'I'll tell, you, Mr. Jackson, this is my last throw. If I don't find Robin, I'll come to you Christmas, and work for my board till April first, and from that round till my year's up for them twenty-two a month, and there's a bargain.'

'So it is,' said Mr. Jackson, 'and mind you keep it.'

He left Rasmus with the horses and went up the long green lane with Mr. Llewellyn and Rodney.

'That's a very fine fellow, spoiling as a vagabond, all to find some one that is dead,' said Mr. Jackson. 'I can't bear to see it; honesty, muscle, smartness, good nature, all going to waste. Two years ago he came along and I gave him leave to sleep in the barn. That night, along of a foolish girl and hot ashes, we'd all have been burnt in our beds, only for him; he saved us, and saved our house. We kept him two weeks to cure up burns he never complained of, and we all got fond if him, but he wouldn't stay longer. Couldn't bear, he said, to have a good home, while his little brother perhaps, had none, or was abused. Last May he strolled up here, when we men folks was off at the far field, and he came just in the nick of time to save my best Alderney cow from choking on a turnip my little grandson had given her. He's always up to doing some good act for other folks, and never anything for himself. But I will say he does no bad turns for himself in whiskey or tobacco. Why, he'd make a tip-top farmer.'

They passed a very pleasant evening at the farm-house. Rasmus insisted on going to the mow, while Mr. Llewellyn and Rodney had the room at the house. The farmer's daughter sang and played on her organ, and Rodney helped her sing 'The Land of the Leal,' and 'Auld Lang Syne.'

There was rain in the night, but it was clear by morning, and all along the roadside the flowers were out—dandelions, forget-me-nots, yellow oxalis, stars of cinquefoil, white wreaths of strawberry; in the woods anemones and sanguinaria, and liverwort, with white and pink and purple bloom. Rodney learned to his wonder that the choice and really needed parts of the flower were the little clustered stamens and pistils in the middle, which made the seeds, and that all this beautiful broad bloom of petals, all this fragrance and honey, were merely so many means of attracting bees and flies, and beetles and moths, and butterflies to come to the flower, and get the pollen upon their heads or bodies, and so carry it about to other flowers, and make stronger and better seed plants.

'It seems as if all the world were thinking,' cried Rodney.

'So it is,' said Mr. Llewellyn; 'that is, God is thinking and writing out His thoughts through it all.'

That day was Thursday, and in the evening they came to a little village where almost the first house was a small red cottage with a high peaked roof, and an old woman was milking a cow in the side yard. As soon as the woman saw the travellers, she ran to the gate.

'You're not going by, Mr. Llewellyn; me and sister have looked for you this week past. Come in, come in.'

'Go in, sir, if you've friends,' said Rasmus, 'and me and the boy will look out for ourselves till morning.'

'No, no! come in, all of you,' said the old lady; 'we don't often have company, and Mr. Llewellyn has been our friend for ten years. Why, sir, all our accounts are to make, and we want to take advisement what to do with a little money we have saved up.'

She held open the gates and the travellers went in. Rasmus went straight to the cow, finished the milking, and put the animal in her shed, after giving her a pail of bran and water that stood ready. Another little old lady came to the door to welcome Mr. Llewellyn, and they were a funny group, the three were so old and small and sharp-looking. A tea was soon spread, abundant for all, and then Mr. Llewellyn passed the evening in going over the year's accounts of these old people, looking over their little expenses, the modest taxes, the humble gifts, the frugal outlay for living, and the small income from eggs, milk, dried fruit, and tailoress work.

'Don't it seem odd,' said Rasmus to Rodney, 'them two little mites of old women, making their way, and having a little money over, to lend out at interest, and big, strong men complaining they can't make a living! The closer folks stick to the ground, the surer they are of a living. The ground don't strike, and eggs and milk don't go out of fashion. If I find Robin, him and me will live this way.'

(To be continued.)

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

The Order of the Smiling Face

We've formed a new society—
'The Order of the Smiling Face;'
An honored member you may be,
For everyone may have a place.

The rules say you must never let
The corners of your mouth droop down.
For by this method you may get
The habit of a sulky frown.

If playmates tease you, let your eyes
A brave and merry twinkle show;
For if the angry tears arise,
They're very apt to overflow.

If you must practice for an hour,
And if it seem a long, long while,
Remember not to pout and glower,
But wear a bright and cheerful smile.

The rules are simple, as you see;
Make up your mind to join to-day.
Put on a smile—and you will be
An active member right away.

—'St. Nicholas.'

Mammy Joe.

Several men were walking back and forth upon the platform of a small way-station in Virginia. They had been there ten minutes, and were growing impatient. At last one of them drew out his watch.

'Six minutes late,' he said, discontentedly. 'The F. F. V. will be losing its reputation if it doesn't make better time. I hate waiting.'

'Perhaps your watch is wrong,' suggested one of his companions. 'We have been in the woods for a week and our time may not be correct.'

'My watch is all right,' was the petulant answer. 'It's the railroad.'

Crouching near the door of the station was a big, motherly-looking black woman. She had been there since early in the morning, arriving even before the station master himself. All through the long day she had remained in the same position, watching the trains as they arrived and scanning each face eagerly. As the man put his watch back into his pocket, she looked at him wistfully.

'Ye don't s'pose nothin's de matter, does ye, farma?'

'Oh, no; the train is only a few minutes late. Expecting some one?' as he noticed the pathetic eagerness in her face.

'Yes, sah, my boy what's done been in de hospital two year, is comin' home, all cured and fix up. De doctor sent word he'd put him on de F. F. V. an' sen' him straight frou. I was feared he mout mistook de train, an' I've been a watchin' all day.'

'What hospital did he go to?'

'Bos'n. Ye see, Henry Clay got hurted when he war a teenty feeler, an' he kep' a growin' more an' more crooked, so 't me an' my ole man was feared we mout'n't raise him. We done had all de doctors round' hyer, an' at las' one tole us 'bout de place in Bos'n whar dey don fix such t'ings. He writ for us an' done make all de 'rangements. But hit cos' a heap o' money. Me'n my old man had to sell our little place an' go out to wuk. But we all ain't car' for dat, so long's Henry Clay done got well.'

'I'm glad they cured him,' said the man, heartily. 'But I reckon he's grown so big and handsome you won't know him when you see him'

'Bress de boy! bress de boy!' ejaculated the old woman, between her smiles and tears. 'White fo'lks will have dere jokes. But I reckon de boy is sure 'nough big an' harnsome by this time. Me an' my ole man war jes' plumb 'stracted when we hearn he war all well an' ready to come. We hustled roun' an' got de money for his ticket an' sont hit to de doctor, an' now he's done writ dat he's a comin'.'

A shrill whistle was heard in the distance. The men gathered up their baggage and stood waiting. Tears of expectation began to stream down the old woman's face.

It was a small station, and the train stopped but a few seconds. Only one passenger alighted. He was a little black boy of ten or twelve.

The old woman sprang toward him with an inarticulate cry. But she stopped suddenly. That was not Henry Clay. True, he did not

have crutches, and did not even limp; but he was small and thin, and so weak that he staggered as he walked. And they had written that Henry Clay was strong and well.

The boy approached her timidly.

'Is yo' Mammy Joe?' he asked.

'I spec 'so,' fiercely. 'But whar's Henry Clay?'

The small figure shrank back.

'I done lef' him in de hospital.

'He was in de baid nex' me, an' he hear de doctor say dat I nebber git well cep'n I go to a country dat's warm, an' hab good nussin'. But I ain't go no fo'ks to een' me. I always lib on de street.'

'Wot's dat got to do wid Henry Clay?'

The boy began to tremble.

'He gib me de ticket an' made de doctor een' me. He say his mammy'll be my mammy an' make me well.'

'Ain't Henry Clay comin'?'

Her voice sounded like the cry from a wounded animal.

'He—he done got a job washin' dishes in de hospital, an' is savin' de money. He say tell yo' he shore be home nex' summer, when he git money 'nough. De doctors all like him, an' say he fine feller. But is yo' goin' to be my mammy?'

The old woman caught her breath sharply. Then she held out her fat motherly arm—

'Yes, honey; I'll be yo' mammy.'—The 'Housekeeper.'

Won by a Piano.

(Margaret Sullivan Burke, in the 'C. E. World.')

The wintry day was raw and cold, and the warmth and brightness of the reception-room of the Woman's Band at the Mission made it very attractive to the tramp guests of that institution. The good woman, the president of the band, who was conducting the evening programme, is the refined wife of a man high in the official life of the city capital. She would have been a welcome guest that night at any of the various society functions; but she chose this humble spot instead, where lost ones were succored, the little harbor where the dismantled wrecks from life's ocean, rudderless and without sails or compass, drifted in the flotsam on charity's tide. She talked to the motley assembly, advised with them, and prayed for them; and then the character of the proceedings was changed for an hour of simple social amusements aided by music and elocution.

One of the young girls of the band sang a popular air, and another recited; and then, in order to make the exercises more intimately personal to their uncouth guests, the president invited the men to take part.

'Is there any one here who can sing or recite?' she asked. 'Any of you men, I mean.'

A hand went up in a remote corner of the room, away back in the gloom of a recess. The man seemed to have slunk into the shadows for concealment, and it was rather in the nature of a puzzle what the moving might be that caused him to call attention to himself.

A general titter went round among his fellow vagabonds at the thought of the spectacle he would make in the role of singing-bird; and the lady herself had a hard struggle to keep her own countenance under control, while there was a tremor of suppressed merriment, and a quaver of doubt as well, in her voice when she asked,

'Do you sing?'

'Yes, madam,' the man replied in a deprecatory tone, as if either the fact required an apology, or he feared it might be discredited.

'Will some one volunteer to play the accompaniment?' she inquired, thinking his song would hardly be difficult; but there evidently was no one with courage sufficient to pass through such an ordeal as following a singer of that sort. Then a wonderful thing happened. Just as she was about to offer her services, the man faltered in a voice filled with humility and deprecation of the temerity of such a proposition:

'I can play my own accompaniments, madam, if you would not mind my touching the piano. My hands look rough, but they are clean'; and his whole frame semed trembling with some deep and irrepressible emotion.

'Of course, we will be glad to have you play and sing for us,' the president said in an even voice, having regained her composure, 'if you will please step forward.'

Shamefacedly he emerged from the shadows, and stepped forth into the light before his prospective audience. A gaunt, hollow-eyed, unkempt, and ragged vagrant of the most pronounced variety. His face was seamed with dissipation rather than age, for he was quite a young man; and, though he was perfectly sober at that time, he almost reeled as he crossed the room, with the dizziness of his unexpected position. He seemed actually afraid to breathe in passing the ladies of the Mission, lest it be a presumption, and after reaching the piano could not summon courage to take the seat in front of it until the president directed him to do so.

'What shall I sing?' he inquired as if his repertoire was unlimited. 'Must it be hymns?'

'Just anything you like,' the directress replied tentatively. 'But I would suggest a suitable song or ballad of some kind.'

He turned to the instrument; and, as he ran his fingers lightly over the keys, to get them in touch with the long-unaccustomed art, all doubt of his knowledge of music was removed. Then he glided into the notes of a high-class ballad, and began to sing.

His uncouthness was forgotten. In fact, it disappeared from his face; for the rapture of sitting once more at the noble instrument that had been the daily companion of his boyhood, calling forth its melody and pouring out his heart in the long-forgotten songs of those happy days, transfigured it; and then his audience beheld a miracle, for lo! the refinement that had almost disappeared from his sorely abused countenance beamed from it once more, as his ballad was rendered in a fine and well-cultivated baritone of a quality so deep and rich that it filled the room, and swelled outside over the highway, while the passers-by stopped to listen.

There was no longer any doubt as to the emotion that had given him courage to emerge from the shadows; for it was the voice of an artist, though emanating from the visible personality of a tramp; and the eager desire to give expression to the music in his soul had routed for a time fear of the criticism of his person.

But those who listened forgot his rags and grime; they forgot his neglected beard that could not afford the price of a shave; they forgot that no gentlemanly collar encircled his melodious throat; and, as for him, he forgot everything as he poured out song after song, and ended with an instrumental offering, Beethoven's matchless 'Moonlight Sonata.' Then suddenly he remembered, and sprang from the piano-stool as if he had been caught stealing, gaunt, cadaverous, skulking, once again, a tramp to the core. 'I—I—I beg pardon! I forgot myself. I did not mean to keep on so long.'

'We did not find it long, I assure you,' said the president graciously, stepping to his side, and offering her hand. A thrill went through him almost as exquisite as that which had stirred every pulse-beat as he laid his homesick hand upon the keys of the piano.

To shake hands with a lady once more—why was it such a rarity? Could he never get back the lost ground if he tried?

These thoughts went through his mind, and then he heard that she was saying,

'We all thank you for your beautiful music, and we hope you will use the piano every day while you are here.'

Heaven had suddenly opened; for mother used to play and sing with him, and it took him back to her. Mother taught him to pray, also. Yes, he would turn from his evil ways. This good lady had prayed for him along with the rest a while ago, and she told them that the only safeguard which never fails is religion; and he felt sure that it must be so. Some people might go on being respectable without being Christians; but he had demonstrated the fact that he couldn't, and he meant to try the other way now. He would stop drinking and go to work; and, when he had straightened himself out to something like the old standard, he would go home to mother.

The Tongue.

A thoughtless word is a spark of fire
That may set a house ablaze,
And an unkind look, like a cruel brier,
May rankle and smart for days.

So think ere you speak, and to all be kind,
For many hearts are sad;
And it always pays, as you'll surely find,
For Christ will your work confess.

And if you've been true to the rule of love,
And labored as in His sight,
You'll find that your toil was for One above,
When you strove to do the right.

—Howard T. N. Ussher, in the 'Christian.'

What the Joke Cost.

(Elizabeth P. Allan, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

A True Story.

Two young men met at the dinner table of a village inn one fine winter day and fell into friendly chat. They were hardly more than boys, though Russell Graham was almost six feet tall and Byron Locke cherished an infant mustache. Locke was a book agent, and Graham was selling a new stove that took in next to no fuel and gave out July heat!

'I am not feeling at all "fit" to-day,' said Locke, yawning wearily, and rubbing his forehead; 'if I had anything to amuse me I would strike work for the rest of the day.'

'Why, stranger, I'll tell you what you can do,' said Graham, suddenly (there was a gleam in his eye, but Locke was not looking at him.' 'There's my trap at the door; I hired it for the day and paid for it, but I am not going to use it for several hours; jump in, man, and take a spin; it's quite a free-going nag, I assure you.'

Locke demurred; offered to pay for the use of the team; but finally accepted the offer with profuse thanks.

'Oh, don't mention it,' said the other with an airy wave of the hand; 'we brothers of

NEW STORY COUPON.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the S.S. Times and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about **three** months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at **TEN** cents each.

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Messrs.
John Dougall & Son,
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Dear Sirs:—
I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for three months beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled "St. Cecilia."

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the road are always glad to do one another a good turn.'

'That's so,' said Locke, heartily, rising from the table; 'well, I'll be back by five; will that be in good time?'

'All I want,' answered Graham, in the same jaunty manner; 'a pleasant afternoon to you.'

'Thanks very much,' Locke called back from the door, and he was gone. As soon as the door closed, Graham went off into fits of laughter; he looked about him as if to find some one to share his merriment, but it was time for the doors to close, and the room was empty, except for one waiter. The young drummer went out to attend to some unfinished business on the village street, and being detained longer than he expected, had to rush for his train, which left at three-forty.

The bell was clinging, the train was vibrating with the effort to start, as Graham sprang up to the platform and entered the car. 'There now!' he exclaimed, as he sank breathless into a seat, 'I forgot to give anybody the tip about that greenhorn!' He looked taken back for a moment, and then burst out laughing again. 'Oh, well, never mind,' he said to himself: 'it will be all the larger-sized joke!'

Meantime, Locke was enjoying himself. It was not often that he had a treat like this. Not being a particularly sharp or successful book agent, his profits were far too small to waste on livery fees; and he generally footed it when going through rural districts. The horse went at a lively pace (she was headed for home and had not dined, but Locke did not know this); the day was one of those gifts that spring sometimes tosses ahead of her coming into old winter's lap, and the air was mild and delicious.

After an hour's rapid driving Locke was thinking about turning the mare's head when he was startled by a shout from behind:

'Hello there! Stop you rascal if you don't want a bullet through your head!'

The young driver pulled up hastily, and looked back; in the buggy which was now immediately behind him was a policeman with a pistol in his hand, and with him a red-faced man, shooting out epithets, and exciting himself about something—Locke did not know what. The noisy demand had evidently come from the red-faced man; the officer seemed to be taking it coolly; when he saw Locke draw rein he put up his pistol; his companion shouted to him to hurry or the rascal would get away; but the man in the blue coat took his time; no doubt these guardians of the peace learn to know men as a wary hunter knows his game; and Locke was showing nothing but intense surprise.

'Get down,' said the policeman, quietly; 'you are to go with me, you know.'

'Go with you!' exclaimed the young book agent, 'what do you mean?'

Here the red-faced man burst into a volley of angry words; he also had left the buggy, and was standing on the other side of Locke.

'Mean?' he shouted; 'it means that you are about the coolest rascal that I ever came across. It means that you stole my horse and buggy in broad daylight, under my very nose; and if you only had as much brains as you have cheek, you wouldn't have been caught so easily. Come, get out of my buggy.'

'You must be a lunatic,' said Locke, getting angry at last. 'I borrowed this trap from a friend, a travelling man, who had hired it for the day and loaned it to me for an hour's drive.'

'What was your friend's name?' asked the policeman, motioning to the red-faced man to stand back; he had been watching Locke closely, and had about concluded that he was innocent; but now for the first time the boy's face flushed and a look of utter confusion came over his countenance. 'I—I don't know his name,' he muttered.

'Oh, you don't!' jeered the angry man at the other side of the buggy; it's likely you don't, you young liar!'

Quick as a flash a hearty blow landed full on the accuser's nose, and another would have followed if the mare had not started forward suddenly, flinging Locke to his knees in the buggy and throwing the other two to right and left. But Locke instantly pulled the animal up and would have returned to the assault if the officer had not now interfered and taken control of the situation. After all, there was the authority of the law to back him, not to mention the loaded pistol. Locke was obliged to get into the other buggy with his captor, while his accuser took his place and the restless mare again set out dinnerward.

'You'll be back in the morning to prosecute this case?' said the officer.

'I won't stop till that scamp is in the pen,' spluttered the blood-nosed one.

'Well, I'm not so sure,' answered the policeman, aggravatingly, and he turned his horse's head in the direction of the village. There was plenty of time for a full explanation on both sides during this drive back; Locke was soon convinced that the stranger at the inn had played a practical joke on him of a rough and unscrupulous kind; and the policeman felt pretty sure that the boy was telling a straight tale.

'Got any friends in town?' he asked.

'Don't know a soul,' answered Locke; 'but you don't mean to tell me that I can't be cleared of this ridiculous charge without friends?'

'Well, I don't say that; but if your unknown friend has left on the afternoon train you are in a mess you know. I thought mebbe you had some chap that would bail you out for the night; I've got to lock you up, you see'

The boy felt like one in a nightmare, and the ugly dream lasted all night; his first night in durance vile. But the policeman was an honest soul, and he did some unpaid detective work before the police court met next morning. The indignant countryman was there, nothing cooled by the jeers of the bystanders at his bunged-up appearance; but a waiter from the inn was also there, and Locke's quiet demeanor helped to give weight to the serving man's testimony. Locke was soon cleared, and laughingly advised by his honor not to be so trustful another time.

The owner of the trap now wished to bring an accusation of assault and battery, but was warned by the mayor that when one man called another man a liar he must take the consequences, especially when his accusation proved false.

Meantime, the merry jester seemed to have gotten off scot-free; but it was not so. Hardly had Graham sent in to headquarters orders received from that village and neighborhood, when a letter followed from one of the leading citizens, withdrawing his order and that of several others. The affair of the buggy was briefly alluded to and the letter-writer added: 'If your young man is as glib with his tongue in your service as he is for his own amusement we think we'd just as soon see those stoves tried before ordering.'

Graham came within a close shave of losing his place, and learned from this narrow escape that no man can treat the truth with contempt, even in jest, and keep the confidence of his fellow-men.

The bags that hold a rich man's money are full of holes.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

Be noble—that is more than wealth;
Do right—that's more than place;
Then in the spirit there is health,
And gladness in the face.
—George Macdonald.

The Collector of Waste.

It was very warm, and Jamie was tired. He had been on his bicycle all the afternoon, and now he was sitting in the summer-house on the lawn waiting for the clock to strike half-past eight, which was his bed-time.

But presently, as he leaned back, with his eyes half shut, he heard steps coming nearer, and when he opened his eyes, he saw a queer old man standing before him.

The little old man had a knapsack strapped on his back, and carried a bulky parcel in one hand. He nodded to Jamie, and said 'Good evening!' and then he sat down, took off his hat, and fanned himself with it, as if he felt quite at home.

'Are you a peddler?' asked Jamie, after waiting some moments for the old man to speak.

'I will tell you my business,' he said briskly. 'I'm a collector.'

'And what do you collect?' inquired Jamie. 'Postage stamps, or coins, or autographs? I've tried collecting all these things myself, and I would like to see your collection ever so much.'

The old man smiled again. Then he said—'No, I don't collect things of that sort. I am a collector of waste.'

'A collector of waste!' said Jamie, much puzzled. 'Why, I never heard of such a collection before. I don't understand what you mean by waste. Where do you find it, and what is it like?'

'That is what I am going to tell you,' said the old man, as he unstrapped his heavy knapsack and laid it down. 'The world is full of waste-collectors like myself, only you have never been favored with a sight of one before. We are about collecting everything that human beings waste—time, opportunities, money, happiness. All these things we gather up from day to day; and sometimes our loads are frightfully heavy, I can tell you. Look at this knapsack and this parcel—all collected to-day!'

'Dear me!' said Jamie; 'I wish you would would show me some of the things you have there. Couldn't you do it?'

'If I show you anything, I will show you your own waste; for you've given me lots of work to-day collecting it,' replied the old man severely.

'I'd like to know what I've wasted to-day!' exclaimed Jamie indignantly. 'Now that's nonsense!'

'Is it?' said the old man, with a cross look. 'Well, then, I'll prove that it's true; and I'll make you own it, too, before I go. I have not time to open my knapsack now, but I will read the list of all you've wasted to-day from my memorandum book.'

And he took out a small book, and turned over the leaves, saying—

'Jamie J—yes, here is your account. Now listen! In the first place you wasted thirteen minutes this morning lying in bed after you were called and told to get up. Then, when you were half dressed, you wasted eight minutes more looking out of the window at two dogs which were fighting. So much before breakfast. In school you lost ten minutes of the lesson hour drawing pictures in your copy-book, and you wasted eleven more over that paper you carried to school. When you came home, instead of going directly to your room to wash your face and hands and brush your hair, as your mother bade you, you spent nine minutes grumbling on the stairs before you obeyed her. You stopped in the street to talk to Tommy Rose, and wasted twelve minutes of your music time, besides—'

'Oh, stop! do stop!' cried Jamie interrupting the old man. 'Don't tell me any more about the time I've wasted, please.'

'Well, I'll tell you about the other things, then—you've wasted opportunities, for example. You saw a bird's nest robbed to-day, and never said a word, when you might have saved it. When you saw that little boy drop his marbles, you only laughed at him, when you might have helped to pick them up. You let your sister take that long, hot walk to the post-office this afternoon, when you could have gone there so easily on your bicycle—'

'But I promised the fellows to meet them at four o'clock, and I had no time,' Jamie protested.

'That is no excuse. They could have waited for you,' said the old man. 'Those opportunities to be kind all wasted in one day!'

'Well, I hope this is the end of your list,' Jamie said, in a shame-faced way.

'By no means! There was another wasted opportunity when you were so inattentive to your history lesson in school. You flew into a passion, too, because your bootlace was in a knot. Wasted opportunities for self-control! You forgot to rise and offer your mother a chair when she entered the room. Wasted opportunity to be polite! But I have read enough to prove what I said, and I have no wish to be disagreeable.'

The old man closed his book, and looked at Jamie with a serious yet kindly gaze.

'Take care, my dear boy,' he said, as he picked up his knapsack.

'It is in your power to lighten my daily load very much. Whenever you are tempted to throw away anything valuable, as your time or your opportunities, remember the collector of waste. But listen! Your mother is calling you. Don't waste a moment, I beg. Good-night!'

Jamie sprang from his seat and ran toward the house. As he went out of the summer-house he turned and looked back. The old man had vanished.—'Outlook.'

LITTLE FOLKS

When Mamma Visited The School.

(Concluded.)

'Isn't it queer, mamma,' groaned Dick, 'how sometimes we have to drink peppermint to cure us of eating peppermint? Anyway, I don't want to smell any more as long as I live!'

The next day, at recess, Rosamond displayed her treasure-box of rings. The royal jewels in the tower were but poor things compared with Rosamond's gems. She gave one to every little girl in the school. And my! what a time they had picking out their favorite stones, now changing a diamond for a ruby or emerald, and that again for a violet 'namethyst.'

They all took off their rings when the school-bell rang; but, somehow, they just had to slip them on again under their desks. Then Rosamond's dearest-dear friends each had four more rings given them that they might have one for every finger of one hand. Rosamond had them on both hands.

Then it didn't seem fair not to give the boys any. So rings were mysteriously passed to the boys, who seemed to be a little clumsy about keeping them hidden—so much so, that pretty soon Miss Graham spied one and then another. She had been greatly annoyed all the morning by the inattentive children, who had failed in almost all their lessons. Now she thought she would make an example of these idle boys, so she said, very severely:

'All the children who have brass rings on their fingers may come and sit on my platform for an hour.'

Just imagine how astonished she was when twenty-three beringed boys and girls started giggling toward her platform! But she had said that all must come. So she sent out for chairs, and soon there were seated in front of her desk, two long, jewelled rows of eleven each, with Rosamond in front still holding her half-emptied jewel-casket in her ten-ringed hands.

Miss Graham was just about to tell the sheepish-looking children how naughty they had been, when the door opened gently, and in walked mamma to visit the school!

Did you ever hear of anything so unfortunate as to wait six long years and then to come on the only day that her little ones were on the platform! But this certainly was the tableau that met her gentle eyes!—'Youth's Companion.'

The Busy Child.

(Josephine Preston Peabody, in 'Harper's Magazine.')

I have so many things to do
I don't know when I shall be through.

To-day I had to watch the rain
Come sliding down the window-pane.

And I was humming all the time,
Around my head a kind of rime;

And blowing softly on the glass
To see the dimness come and pass.

I made a picture, with my breath
Rubbed out to show the underneath.

I built a city on the floor;
And then I went and was a War.

And I escaped; from square to square
That's greenest in the carpet there.

Until at last I came to Us,—
But it was very dangerous.

Because if I had stepped outside,
I made believe I should have died!

And now I have the boat to mend,
And all our supper to pretend.

I am so busy every day,
I havn't any time to play.

Beginning In Time.

Ruth had been to see a little friend on the other side of the town, and was delighted with her garden. There were two or three little beds in it, with a winding path between, and all the beds were full of thrifty plants. Some of them were in bloom, and on others were green buds which would open into blossoms by and by.

Ruth made up her mind that she would have a garden of her own, and she went home with her small head full of plans. There was a corner in the back yard she knew her mother would be willing to have her use, and she started in without delay to spade up the soil. The July sunshine poured down upon her, and she grew very hot and tired, but she worked away happily, thinking how nice it would be when she had a garden like the one she had admired. As soon as her mother came home she ran to meet her, crying:

'Oh, come and see, mamma! I'm going to have a garden like May's. How long will it take before the flowers come?'

Ruth's mother looked into her flushed face and stroked her tumbled hair.

'My little girl must not set her heart on a garden this year,' she said. 'If you had wanted flowers, you should have begun in the springtime. Now the hot, dry summer is here, and, even if the seeds came up, your plants would not get to blossoming before the frost. People who want gardens must begin in time.'

Did you ever know boys and girls who promised that they would begin to love and serve the Lord Jesus by and by when they were older? And some of those who are grown up put it off till their hair is white. This is the saddest mistake anyone can make. If our lives are to be happy and useful, full of the beautiful blossoms of kindness and love, and if we are to bear the fruit of helpfulness, we must start early. Little Ruth had let the springtime pass without planting her seed, and when July came it was too late for a garden that year. We lose something when we put off serving Jesus for a single day. Start now.—'Weekly Welcome.'

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Stories of Our Pets.

'Two Little Owls.'

Two beautiful owls built their nest in the stable loft, close to the gate of our house, in the north of England. They built a very clumsy nest, loosely put together, composed of sticks, dry twigs, and leaves. They cannot bear the bright light of day, so all their work is accomplished in the gloaming, and even in the dark, and it is then that they seek for their food. They are wonderfully clever in catching mice and other small animals, and woe to the poor mother-hen who may have a large brood of chickens, for she is sure to lose several if the owls know of her whereabouts.

'TWO LITTLE FLUFFY OWLETS.'

One afternoon Charlie came running in to tell us the village boys had found out his dear owls' nest, and were flinging up large stones to try and bring it down.

There were two little fluffy owlets in the nest, and I felt as vexed as Charlie to think that they might be killed by a stone falling in upon them, so I said, 'Come, Charlie, and we will see if the gardener will help us to save your owls.'

Joe Smith, the gardener, came up at that moment, and he offered to get a ladder to bring the nest down, and put it, with the owlets, into a huge wire cage, which could be hung at the open stable window, where he was sure the old owls would come to feed their feathery children. So Charlie and I agreed to try this plan, and Joe was very soon up the ladder, and carefully brought down the queer-looking little birdies. However, we were not to get the nest so easily after all, for the old owls, who thought we were taking away their young ones altogether, swooped down upon Joe, trying to peck at his eyes, and we had all to run to the stable for shelter.

Joe then hung the cage, with the nest and owlets in it, at the open stable window, and when it grew darker the old owls flew silently down, coming nearer and nearer, as the little ones were beginning to cry impatiently for some food. The parents inspected the cage where their young ones were and then flew off, bringing back in a few minutes a tempting morsel, in the shape of a poor little field-mouse struggling in their strong grasp.

Charlie was never tired of watching the owls; but the day at last came when he had to part with them, for they grew too large for the cage and were evidently eager to try their wings. So one afternoon Joe opened the door of the cage, and the owls came in the evening to tempt the little ones out, but they were too timid at first. Next morning, however, before even Joe was out of bed, the little owls were gone.

Poor Charlie was greatly disappointed; but a great and unexpected joy was in store for him that evening, for Joe sent to tell Master Charlie to come out and see his friends again. Charlie fairly danced with delight when he beheld the two old owls, with their dearly-loved babies, walking on the grass and wisely nodding their heads, and blinking their round eyes as if to thank us for all the care we had given them, and for being rescued from a cruel death. Every evening they paid us a visit, much to Charlie's delight, and during the sunshine we could see them hiding beneath the leafy branches, nodding and blinking their eyes.—J. M. K.

Jesus Loves Me.

'Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.'

That is what Harry was singing to himself one day as he was getting ready for bed.

Does it not seem wonderful that Jesus loves us? Up in heaven are the holy angels, who serve Him day and night. They are never naughty, never selfish, and never sulky. They are glad to do what Jesus wishes. It seems quite right that Jesus should love them.

But we are often naughty; we say angry words, and sometimes we strike angry blows. We like to have our own way, and do not wish to do as we are told. But yet Jesus loves us. He died that we might become good, and go to serve Him in heaven with the angels. Shall we not try to please Him always?—'Our Little Dots.'

Correspondence

B., Nfld.

Dear Editor,—We have fine sport winter time, skating, coasting, and building snow houses and snowmen. We are hoping soon to see our letter in print. STANLEY CURTIS.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

(By E. T. (aged 11), a Reader of the 'Messenger.')

One evening last winter, when the wind without was blowing a gale, we children were becoming rather restless as we had nothing to amuse us. It happened at this time our uncle Robert was visiting at our place, so to pass away the long winter evening we asked him to tell a story. Uncle Robert could tell a good story, but whether his stories were all true is more than I can say. However, he consented to tell us of an adventure which he had when a young man. Having settled himself more comfortably in his arm chair, he began thus: 'In the year 1884 we had an exceptionally severe winter. It set in at the beginning of November, and by the middle of December the snow was lying on the prairies two feet deep. Our family consisted of three sons (of which I was the oldest), and one daughter. We had a large farm on the western side of Manitoba. As the provisions ran short, my father sent me to the town of G—, some thirty miles distant, to get a supply of provisions, and bring home a few articles of furniture.

The morning I set out was clear and frosty, with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero, but I had every indication of a safe journey and a speedy return. On the roads to town I passed only six dwelling houses, and when about half my route was completed, I stopped at a haystack, and fed my horses. After giving them a short rest I continued my journey, and arrived at G— at four o'clock in the afternoon. I purchased my provisions and a few articles of furniture, consisting of six chairs and one bedstead, that afternoon. I stowed them away safely in my sleigh to be ready for an early start on the morrow.

On the following morning the atmosphere was somewhat changed, and gave slight indication of a storm rising. My landlord entreated me to stay until the storm was over, but I, with the confidence of youth, would not remain, so started out on my homeward journey which proved so eventful.

I covered the first half of my journey in safety, and again fed my horses at the same haystack. During the rest, however, I noticed that the wind was increasing and the air gave every appearance of a storm, and a speedy one, too. Seeing there was no time to lose, I gave my horses but little rest, and pushed on towards home. I was now out on the open prairie, with no dwellings visible, and only distant landmarks and the trail to guide me.

The snow now began to descend, and soon my view was obscured to more than a few yards ahead of the horses. It now began to blow with terrific force, and I recognized that I was out in a blizzard—the first real blizzard I had ever seen. During all this time my horses were going at their utmost speed, but now they began to fag. I felt drowsiness gradually creeping over me, and the intense cold pierced through my fur coat to my very bones. Now the horses were following their own course, and they had almost come to a standstill. Suddenly there loomed up before me something large and dark—it was a haystack, and I knew that here was a slight shelter from the terrible wind. I got my horses around to the sheltered side of the stack, but I found myself so cold that I was afraid of freezing. In this extremity I bethought myself of the keg of syrup in the sleigh. Accordingly I broke up the chairs and poured the syrup on them and soon had a fire—such as one could have in so great a storm. This slightly warmed me, but soon all my fuel was gone. The fury of the blizzard had not in the least subsided, and I was again becoming greatly benumbed by the cold.

Suddenly a terrific whirlwind caught the stack, uplifting it and scattering the hay far and wide. My plight then indeed was pitiful, but I did not lose heart. I hitched the horses to the sleigh, and started out into the raging storm. For more than an hour I battled against the snow and wind, when suddenly there came a lull in the storm, but only for a few momonets. During those brief moments, however, I noticed a house about 200 yards away, and immediately started in that direction. I reached the house barely in time, for hardly had I closed the door when there came a gush of wind even greater than that which preceded it. Great billows of snow rushed onward and almost completely enveloped the house. Outside, the air seemed only a seething mass of snow, and all around there was a continuous noise like thunder. This continued for two hours, when the wind gradually calmed down.

The next morning, having got my bearings, I started out for home. Indications of the fury of the blizzard were everywhere visible. The snow, in some places, was piled in drifts fifteen feet high, while on the level it was four feet deep. I saw hay scattered about in many places, showing that there had been more than one haystack upturned by the storm.

My parents were glad to see me back again, and after a week's illness I was as well as ever again.

And now, my little children, my story is ended, and I think you had better all run up into your snug little beds and forget all about the cold.'

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A rose "a la France."' Sola McKee (10), V., Ont.
2. 'Wild roses,' Alice Dinwoodie (12), Ont.
3. 'Boat.' Earl Marshall, S. Ont.
4. 'Our Kate' (horse). L. Elva Tindale, M., Ont.
5. 'Painting for his sister.' Nellie Miller (14), A. M., Ont.
6. 'Pet lamb.' Lottie Miller (10), A. M., Ont.
7. 'Duck.' Milton N. Pegg (11), L., Man.
8. 'Squirrel.' Lyla S., (11), C., Ont.
9. 'Horse.' Bob Arthur Coult, (8), E. Sask.

We have some stories written by our young readers, but in some cases the name and address have become detached. Will authors who have not seen their story yet send in their name with the name of their story, also their age.—Cor. Ed.

I. H., Sask.

Dear Editor,—Our Sunday School teacher said that there was a paper 'The Northern Messenger,' he gave it to us, and I liked it very well. I must say I like to read the Correspondence, and to look at the drawings. I am fourteen. I have done a great deal of travelling. From Germany across the Atlantic Ocean I went right up to Prince Albert, then down to Hague, then to Rosthern. They are all in Saskatchewan. Then I went to Victoria, B.C., Vancouver Island; all of us spent a year there, then we came back and went to I. H. I will answer the first puzzle of Leonard W. Murray—it is a book. I think I will give a puzzle for the readers of this paper to answer, too. What grows in winter with its root upward, and dies in summer?

GERTRUDE H. KOOB.

E., N.F.

Dear Editor,—I am not a subscriber to the 'Northern Messenger,' but my cousin has been for several years. She has left this place, and I receive it in her name.

I am very pleased with the Correspondence page, but I have never seen a letter from here. This is not my native place. I have three brothers and four sisters, they are all very pleased to get the papers when I am finished with them. I have been living here over a year. If I live to see the twenty-eighth of May next, I will then be twelve years old.

I have attended Sabbath School ever since I came here. My Uncle, with whom I live, is the superintendent. There is no day school here this winter, but I am kept busy, especially mail days, as the post office is in our building, and I help to sort and deliver letters.

For pets I have a cat called Daisy, and a canary called Pete. MAY REEVES.

L. B., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—As so many boys and girls are writing letters, I thought I would write one also. We have great fun at school now, as the ground is all covered with ice. I am thirteen years old, and am in the sixth reader.

I am very fond of reading; some of the books I have read are: 'Beautiful Joe,' 'Black Beauty,' two 'Mildred Books,' three 'Elsie Books,' and so many others I cannot name them. Papa has taken the 'Witness' for over thirty years, and he thinks it is the best paper in Canada. I would miss the 'Messenger' if I did not take it now. As we are seven miles from church, we cannot get to Sunday School, but I learn the lessons out of the 'Home Study Quarterly,' and mamma is the visitor of the Home Department, and every Sunday afternoon we have our lesson, and papa is teacher and superintendent of a class of three. Our late minister has gone out West, and we are all very sorry. I received the game of Din, and think it very nice, many thanks for it. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same as mine, it is August 20.

FANNIE I. McCALLUM.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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LESSON XI.—MARCH 18, 1906.

The First Quarterly Review.

Golden Text.

And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness.—Matt. iv., 23.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 12.—Luke ii., 1-20.
Tuesday, March 13.—Matt. ii., 1-12.
Wednesday, March 14.—Luke v., 1-11.
Thursday, March 15.—Mark i., 21-34.
Friday, March 16.—Mark ii., 1-12.
Saturday, March 17.—Matt. v., 1-16.
Sunday, March 18.—Matt. v., 33-48.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

'The Finding of Jesus' might be taken as the general topic for all the lessons of the three months just closing. The shepherds found Him. Their very occupation led them to be reverent and contemplative. They were much in the solemn stillness of the night and in the company of the heavenly planets. These mystic star-gazers may have been in communion with heaven at the very time of the Nativity. Prepared message came to prepared minds. There was an angelic apparition, announcement of Nativity and angelic anthem. The moral earnestness of the shepherds expresses itself in the exclamation, 'Let us go and see.' . . . The Wise Men found Jesus. On the dark background of Herod's murderous jealousy and Jerusalem's cold indifference the moral earnestness of the Magi shines with pleasing lustre. They took a thousand-mile journey to find the Babe. Neither Herod's jealousy nor Jerusalem's indifference nor the mean place of the Nativity daunted them. . . . The Boy Jesus finds himself. Arriving in Jerusalem at the feast, it was not the prodigious mass of humanity assembled there, not the golden and marble temple, not even the solemn and speaking ceremonial—not these, but the Messianic idea and the dawning consciousness, 'I am He,' absorbed Jesus and made Him oblivious to time and place and human relationships. . . . John Baptist finds Jesus. When he was at the very zenith of his power, his congregations largest and his influence widest, unexpectedly one day Jesus stood before him asking baptism. John started back in self-depreciation, at once recognizing and acknowledging the infinite superiority of the one who stood before him. . . . The tempter found Jesus: It is indifferent whether one believes this an approach of a literal devil, or a figurative description of a moral struggle entirely subjective. It is enough to know that Jesus triumphed. It was the victory of humanity, not of deity—and so was our victory as well as His. . . . The disciples found Jesus: Their previous calls had been preliminary and progressive, but this was final. He had had a rupture with the ecclesiastical establishment and must needs organize His followers. He prefaced this last call with a thrilling pictorial miracle which significantly taught them what they must be and do. . .

. Sufferers find Jesus: A miracle mercifully wrought upon a poor possessed one in the synagogue at Capernaum was a silver bell whose notes had sounded in every shadowed home. In obedience to its encouraging call, when the setting sun had absolved the people from their overstrained ideas of Sabbath observance, they came to Him whose sovereign power had had such a conspicuous exemplification. From one sufferer's mat to another Jesus walked in that hastily-extemporized lazar house under the stars. Nor did He desist as long as there was any tiny sufferer left upon any mother's gentle bosom. . . . Power to forgive is found in Jesus: To the paralytic, let down through the roof by the faith and persistence of his friends, Jesus' first words were indescribably comforting: 'Son, be of good cheer.' But there is a surprising change in the formula. It is not a rebuke to disease. It is a categorical, authoritative remission of sin. The startling words could not escape the notice of the inquisitorial coterie of Scribes and Pharisees. It was not intended they should. It was Jesus' gauntlet at their feet. They picked it up, but not in audible words of dissent. Omniscience unveiled their unspoken words as Jesus said: 'Omnipotence knows nothing of degrees. One thing is not easier or harder to it than another. It is equally as easy to forgive as to heal, and vice versa. But that you may know that I have authority and power to do both, I will also say to this utterly powerless person, "Arise."' He spake and it was done. . . . The people find Jesus a divine teacher: The Sermon on the Mount is an inaugural. As such it takes on a dignity and importance all its own. It irradiates the fundamental principles of the kingdom of God and prescribes the character and conduct of its subjects. Jesus' ideal was the exact reverse of that popularly entertained. The people wanted an objective kingdom. He showed them only a subjective one. They wanted one of brute force; He unveiled one of meekness, unarmed with carnal weapons. In His brave enunciation of a superlatively unpopular ideal He was carrying to its final conclusion His victory over the tempter who had shown Him a short cut to power by accommodating Himself to the commonly accepted notion of His kingdom. . . . The common people continue to find Jesus a divine teacher. The superior ethical quality of the Master's instructions is nowhere more evident than when He came to deal with the current sins of the tongue.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 18.—Topic—Christ's life. III. His summary of conduct: the Sermon on the Mount. Matt., Chapters 5, 6, and 7.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A BOY AND A GAINT.

Monday, March 12.—The two camps. I. Sam. xvii., 1-3.

Tuesday, March 13.—The giant's challenge. I. Sam. xvii., 4-11.

Wednesday, March 14.—David in camp. I. Sam. xvii., 12-24.

Thursday, March 15.—David's question. I. Sam. xvii., 25-31.

Friday, March 16.—David's weapons. I. Sam. xvii., 38-40.

Saturday, March 17.—The victory. I. Sam. xvii., 41-51.

Sunday, March 18.—Topic—The story of a boy and a giant. I. Sam. xvii., 4-11, 32-37.

Doubt increases doubt. Faith breeds faith. The man who stumbles and stammers out his testimony is left alone and ought to be. If he wants other men to rally around his standard, he must set it up firmly where they can see it.—Cortland Myers.

Strengthening the School's Fellowship.

Nothing counts more for unity and its resulting strength in the life of the school than the special ways in which the teachers are brought together. The Rensellaer Street (mission) Bible School of Albany, New York, with its membership of more than four hundred, has a peculiarly united force of workers in its forty-five teachers. For fifteen minutes after the session every Sunday afternoon a teachers' prayer-meeting is held. One of the teachers opens the meeting with prayer and a few words on the topic announced the Sunday before. Others follow with prayer and testimony or some thought on the lesson. The topics are arranged by a committee of the teachers, and are usually suggested by the lesson for the day. This prayer-time together after the seed-sowing brings comfort and strength to many an anxious, earnest teacher. Once a year it is the aim of the officers to arrange for a meeting to consider the spiritual welfare of the school, and in heart-to-heart conference at these times each teacher gleans much from the others' experience.

Another annual gathering of the teachers of this school is on New Year's Day, when the school has a festival,—an attractive entertainment, followed by a generous ice-cream supper. After the happy children go home and the dish-towels are hung up to dry, the workers gather around a long table for a 'banquet.' From the menu side the 'banquet' consists of ice-cream and cake, but the real glory of the name is in the after-dinner speeches. The toasts have cost the speakers no long agony of preparation, for the superintendent, who preaches and lives the gospel of unity in Christian work, notifies his speakers a few minutes before they come to the banquet, and refusals are not common. The remarks of the teachers are practical, and connected with the work of the school. It is just an hour spent together at the close of a joyously busy day, but this New Year's meeting, with its good cheer and hearty hand-clasps, its interchange of hopes and ideals for the year's work, gives a glad promise of earnest, united effort for the days ahead. Surely, Christian fellowship is one of the gloriously inspiring privileges of Christian work.—'Sunday School Times.'

How Shall we Teach Reverence?

A teacher said to me, 'Which is the better way,—for a superintendent of a primary department, or a teacher in public school, to close her eyes during prayer, or require the children to do so, keeping her own open, the object being to secure order?' I replied by giving an incident occurring in my own primary department: A little boy raised his hand, saying, 'John had his eyes open during prayer.' I replied, 'Charles, how do you know?' Children are quick to see the point, and I had no need to say more.

There are exceptions to all rules. Parents and teachers may be a law unto themselves, and may rightly do things not consistent for their children or pupils to do, but, as far as possible, precept and example are twins not to be divorced. To my mind, the reverent attitude of the leader has a much better effect than wide-open eyes to spy out the child.

A tactful talk upon the right attitude on prayer, supplemented with a suggestion or two before the prayer, will usually secure the desired result,—and better the few exceptions than the seeming irreverence of the leader.

A prayer with small children should always be a short one; those with older ones may well come under the same rule. Especially for the little ones should it be of interest to them and within their powers of understanding,—a prayer by the children, as it were, the superintendent voicing their prayer for them.

Understanding of child-nature and child-need is as much a requisite for prayer as in giving the lesson. Most frequently, but not uniformly, I would have the children repeat in short sentences the superintendent's prayer. This must be done most reverently, and while the petitions may be of a varied nature and for childish wants, they must not be wanting in proper dignity. Some people, in their desire to be a child with children, lower themselves, forgetting that to become a child is to be exalted. The child lives in a higher altitude rather than lower, but it is a different plane of thought from our own; and never is this truth to be held in remembrance more than in prayer for or with children.—'Sunday School Times.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

What Every Landowner can do.

While the Legislature can pass general and local prohibitory laws and so prohibit the saloon, it is well for us to bear in mind that every landowner has the power to accomplish the same end by his own action.

There are large areas in great cities where the owners of land have incorporated prohibitory clauses in their leases and deeds. It is said that the Astors are the largest house-owners in New York City and that they will not rent their property for saloon purposes.

The King of England allows no drinking houses on his great landed estates.

In the city of Liverpool there is a large section two miles square, with probably a population of 75,000 souls, where the grantors have placed a prohibitory clause in their deeds, with a penalty of forfeiture for a violation of it. That community is characterized by the good order, thrift, health and happiness of the people, in striking contrast with adjoining portions of the city where the gin shop exists. Nor need we look across the seas for gratifying illustrations of the value of Prohibition by prohibitory covenants and penalties in leases and deeds. When capitalists wish to build up beautiful suburban villages for residential purposes, they adopt this system. We see this at Roland Park, Ruxton, and other attractive villages in our suburbs. It is a strong inducement to a good citizen seeking a home to select one where his boys and girls shall be free from the presence of the drinking saloon. This is not now an uncommon feature in the neighborhoods of other great cities in our country.

It is noteworthy that this principle has found application in the heart of our own city. Not long ago several lots of ground improved by dwelling houses on North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, were purchased with the intention of being converted into a saloon. An examation of the title disclosed the fact that a prohibitory clause had been standing, as a sentinel on guard quietly in the deed of the property and he served notice that not a foot of that soil could be used for the drink traffic. How thoughtfully and wisely the old owner framed this deed, and though perhaps long dead his thoughtfulness and wisdom survives to bless the community and to show to every land and property owner an example worthy to be followed.

This principle is applicable in the dedication of lands for parks, boulevards, etc., to the city by public-spirited citizens. The property owner can make his own prohibitory law by contract and give it perpetual life.—Edwin Higgins, in the 'National Advocate.'

The Engineer's Remedy.

Mr. Engineer was a gray-haired, thick-set man of fifty, quiet and unobtrusive, and deeply in love with his beautiful machine. He had formerly run a locomotive, and now took a stationary engine because he could get no employment on the railways. A long talk with the superintendent of the road from which he had been removed revealed only one fault in the man's past life—he loved strong drink.

'He is,' said the informant, 'as well posted on steam as any man on the road; he worked up from train boy to fireman, from fireman to engineer, rendered us valuable services, has saved many lives by quickness and bravery, but he cannot let drink alone, and for that reason we have discharged him.'

In spite of this discouraging report, I hired the man. During the first week of his stay I passed through the engine-room many times a day in the course of my factory rounds, but never found aught amiss. The great machine ran as smoothly and quietly as if its bearings were set in velvet; the steel crosshead and crankshaft and the brass oil cups reflected the morning sun like mirrors; no speck of dust found lodgment in the room.

In the fire room the same order prevailed; the steam gauge showed even pressure, the water gauges were always just right and our daily report showed that we were burning less coal than formerly. The most critical inspection failed to find anything about either the engine or boilers that showed the faintest symptoms of neglect or carelessness.

Three weeks passed. The man who had been recommended as good for 'five days' work and 'two days' drunk' had not swerved a hair from his duty. The gossips were beginning to notice and to comment upon the strange affair.

'I should like to speak to you a moment, sir,' said he, one morning as I passed through his sanctum.

'Well, John, what now?' I said, drawing out my notebook. 'Cylinder oil all gone?'

'It is about myself,' he replied.

I motioned him to proceed.

'Thirty-two years ago I drank my first glass of liquor,' said the engineer, 'and for the past ten years, up to last month, no week has passed without its Saturday night drunk. During those ten years I was not blind to the fact that that appetite was getting a frightful hold upon me. At times my struggles against the longing for stimulants were earnest. My employers once offered me a thousand dollars if I would not touch liquor for three months, but I lost it; I tried all sorts of antidotes, and all failed. My wife died praying that I might be rescued, yet my promises to her were broken within two days. I signed pledges and joined societies, but appetite was still my master. My employers reasoned with me, discharged me, forgave me, but all to no effect. I could not stop, and I knew it.

'When I came to work for you I did not expect to stay a week; I was nearly done for; but now,' and the man's face lighted up with an unspeakable joy, 'in this extremity, when I was ready to plunge into hell for a glass of rum, I found a sure remedy. I am saved from my appetite!'

'What is your remedy?'

The engineer took up an open Bible that lay face down on the window edge and read, 'The blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin.'—Selected.

Do You Know—

That in the last thirty years, in Europe, 7,300,000 people have fallen into drunkards' graves?

That as a light to illuminate a boy's path to the saloon door, a cigarette excels electricity?

That in Denmark, one out of every seven men who die between the ages of 33 and 55 is a victim of alcoholism?

If the breweries were all closed, it would throw thousands out of employment, and millions out of misery?.

That toads become torpid in winter, and hide themselves, giving up all activity, and that many of our Good Templars act that way in summer?

That what some of our Good Templar lodges need above everything else is to be supplied with a good dose of celestial dynamite, so as to blow up the devil's stockades in Minnesota, and dislodge his infernal imps from their hiding places?

That the saloon is a school of crime; that it teaches men to violate the commandments of God; that it defies the law of man; that it is essentially lawless; that a respectable saloon is about as sensible an expression as a respectable infamy?—Minnesota 'Good Templar.'

The recent North Dakota legislature, in order to make prohibition more impregnable in that state than ever, passed a bill making it increasingly difficult for druggists to secure permits to sell intoxicating liquor for medicinal, scientific and mechanical purposes. The bill provides they must first have a petition signed by 80 per cent. of the freeholders and 70 per cent. of the reputable women in the village or ward of a city in which the business is located. It also passed a bill providing a reward of $50 for any one securing testimony that will convict any person selling intoxicating liquor illegally.

Weimer's House.

A Strong Argument in Verse in Favor of Abolishing the Rum Traffic.

Weimer's House! Now, ain't that grand!
Nothing finer in the land.
When the folks come up this way, down from Flint and Halliday,
And we santer up and down, seein' sights around the town,
They don't seem to have no use for the stores or calaboose;
All they really seem to see is Weimer's pile of masonry.
Fine? Now I should calculate, grand enough for potentate,
Built of stone from land knows where, covers more than half a square,
Marble steps and rods of stoop, fancy fixin's lace and loop,
From the cellar to the top—makes a stranger stand and gop,
Walks a-runnin' through the grass, dogs and lions made of brass;
And, inside, I've heard it told, is a sight just to behold—
Like a palace, so I guess, just one complete loveliness.
Pictures as big as double doors, costly carpets on the floors;
Marble wimmen, iron kids, strange things from the Pyramids;
Curtings with a house and lot, even more it's likely's not;
Crockery things from ferren parts, representin' ancient arts.
Goodness me! But what folks tell, what ain't there hain't been to sell
Makes things look like thirty cents, common struck without pretense.

Weimer's House! Look yonder there where the black smoke fills the air.
What is that you plainly see? That is Weimer's Brewery.
Here is where he coins his gold, piles his riches up untold.
This is Wiemer's private mint—just the same to all intent.

Wiemer's house, so fair to see, is but shaft of misery.
Every stone within its walls silently for justice calls;
Could they cry aloud like men they would tell what tongue nor pen
Could not utter, for the tale would make stoutest heart to fail;
Widows' cries would rend the air, shrieks of suffering and despair;
Broken hearts would moan in grief, praying for death's sweet relief;
Starving children, cold, unfed, begging for a crust of bread,
Might be heard,—God spare the sight—crying in the lonely night.
Prayers of mothers might be heard, sobbing out each broken word,
Then would sound the murderer's yell, coming as from deepest hell,
And the clank of felon's chains curdling blood within the veins
Might resound through hall and room like the awful cry of doom.

Wiemer's House! Now some may laugh, but I see an epitaph
On every stone within its walls. 'Tis but a tomb—its princely halls.
Built at a cost beyond all price—a moloch fat with sacrifice.
Its walls are red with human blood, so dyed, so stained, no earthly flood
Can wash them clear. O house of Death, whose poison chokes the very breath,
How slowly creeps the time apace when on earth shall be no place
For brewery, saloon and den to blight and curse the souls of men!
God speed the day when from our sight these shall be banished into night,
And God's good world shall henceforth be forever from intemperance free.

—'Ram's Horn.'

An Important Witness.

'Having kept the record for ten years, the saloon business of the United States is directly chargeable with a total of 53,436 murders between 1866 and 1896. It is veritably the sum of villainies.'—Chicago, 'Tribune.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Different Points of View.

The Careless Think—

That economy is denying oneself luxuries.

That gentleness is a sign of femininity or weakness.

That contentment is a lazily passive acceptance of whatever is.

That adversity is an evil of which nothing good can be said.

That labor is an irksome condition through which money may be made.

That fear is an evil which sooner or later all men must harbor.

That war is a political expedient resulting in the readjustment of power.

That talent is an inborn something enabling one to get the better of his neighbor.

That ugliness is a matter of figure and features, coloring and expression.

That holiness is included in Sunday churchgoing, plus occasional charities.

That duty is a call to a disagreeable task, which it is usually best to heed.

That optimism is merely a groundless belief that 'Things are sure to come right in the end.'

That vice is the inevitable expression of the 'human' weaknesses of mankind.

But the Wise Know—

That economy is cutting down the cost of necessity.

That gentleness is a proof of the true courage of manhood.

That contentment is the cheerful living of one day at a time.

That adversity is to be deplored only when one fails to learn its lessons.

That labor is an element without which happiness is not to be had.

That fear is nothing of itself, its seeming power coming only from the encouragement it receives.

That war is one of the few remaining proofs of the old regime of barbarism.

That talent is a gift vouchsafed that the possessor may help the world the more.

That ugliness is an attribute of the man who has not realized his divine sonship.

That holiness is a daily effort to become more Christlike through habitual kindliness.

That duty is merely another name for an opportunity of which one should be glad.

That optimism is a blessing whereby man is enabled to rise above the mud of discouragement.

That vice has no existence of its own, and will disappear the moment it is no longer welcome.—Bristol 'Times and Mirror.'

Sparing the Rod.

(Graham Hood, in the 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser.')

The theories of the world respecting the training of children have changed since I was a boy. In those days if a child did not behave himself or was not inclined to obey those whose positions entitled them to obedience, he was compelled to assume a more reasonable frame of mind. If a few precautionary words were of no avail more strenuous physical measures were resorted to. In those days the old adage by which parents were admonished that they spoiled the child by sparing the rod was received with universal credence.

To-day, however, very different theories are in vogue. The rattan no longer holds a place of honor in the schoolroom, and the whip has been banished from the home. Corporal punishment, we are told, is suitable treatment for animals, but not for children. The latter must be ruled by kindness, by wise admonitions, by appeals to their better nature. In the opinion of some reformers the whipping of a child is only a degree less serious an offence than assault and battery.

It is a thankless task to attempt to instruct parents in the best method of training their little ones. Irrespective of the degree of success which the modern method of treating children may have attained in their case, the fact that it has received the sanction of the most eminent specialists in the study of child life is a convincing argument in its favor. Of course, there may be children to-day who are so constituted that this sort of treatment is all that they require, for, in the old days, there were some little ones who did not need the frequent whippings, but although theories have changed so greatly human nature is the same, and there are boys and girls in this generation of children to whom the slipper treatment would be just as efficacious as it was in the olden times before parents had been taught that they had no moral right to lift their hands against their offspring.

It is, unfortunately, impossible at this time for any one to predict the general result of this new method of treatment. One cannot look ahead to see if the present generation of little ones will make better men and women than their fathers and mothers have made. If present indications count for anything, however, there are parents in this world who are laying up a large investment in sorrow for themselves by their treatment of their children.

This world is in no sense a new world, and there have been lots of children in it since the days of our first parents. From the earliest days of which we have any record, however, the theory has prevailed that, to make a good man, a child must be taught to obey and respect his elders. In a general sense this theory was carried into practice, and one has the right to question whether the newer theory will not react to the disadvantage of the child—the right to ask what kind of man the child will make if he goes through the early years of life without learning the meaning of the word 'obedience.' As long as we have not discovered the secret of remaking human nature, have we the authority to discard the time-tried theories for the sake of a hypothesis which time alone can prove.

If there was any use in being personal I would cite instances of children who do not know what it means to be made to obey, and who have never been compelled to conduct themselves properly. They are not the children of the slums, the waifs of the street, who have had no advantages, but instead they are the little ones of refined, educated parents who have made a speciality of the new theories of child study. Such instances certainly prove that these theories are lame in one respect. They treat all children alike.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

THE BABY'S OWN

$12 WOMEN'S SPRING SUITS $4.50

MADE TO ORDER. Suits to $15.00. Jackets, Skirts and Skirts at manufacturers' prices. Send for Samples, Cloths and Fashions to No. 1. SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Canada.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly)

To Separate Addresses.

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Four copies to separate addresses.. .. .. 1.20

More than four at the rate of thirty cents each.

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For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above, add 50c a copy postage.

Sample Copies.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.
Publishers, Montreal.

Motherless.

No death calls forth such widespread and genuine sympathy as that of the mother of young children. Friends and neighbors are lavish with their help, and the most distant acquaintances follow the last sad arrangement with tender and solicitous interest. For weeks, months perhaps, special kindnesses are showered on the lonely children. But how transient it all is! Soon the manly little fellow who tried so hard to choke back his tears is a big, hulking, lazy boy, and the toddling girl has grown self-conscious and vain, and is preening herself for dubious admiration. At the very time when their mother's care would have been most watchful, who tries to supply their lack? Who stays the censorious comment with the reminder, 'They have no mother?' A few good women do. But all should.—Selected.

Selected Recipes.

HAM SALAD.—Make a boiled dressing as follows: Beat the yolks of three eggs light with one tablespoonful mustard, one tablespoonful butter, one-half tablespoonful salt, half tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful pepper and then stir in half a pint of sour cream or milk (sweet milk will answer.) Stir and cook over the fire until thick, then beat in half a cup of scalded vinegar. Beat well and set aside in a cold place. Cut cold ham into shreds, also shred two heads of crisp, tender lettuce, place in a salad bowl and toss lightly. Just before serving mix lightly with the boiled dressing and serve.

A DELIGHTFUL OMELET.—Mix together four eggs, well beaten, and a cupful of milk, with half a cupful of bread crumbs soaked in it; salt to taste. Pour into a hot, well buttered frying pan, and cook slowly about ten minutes. Then run a knife around the edges, and if the omelet is done it will come out easily, and may be rolled as it is put on a hot platter.

LADIES' Fancy Mourning Girdle and our Catalogue of Bargains sent free for five 2c stamps N. SOUTHCOTT & CO., Dept. 1, London, Ont

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

JUBILEE LETTERS.

Grenfell, Sask., Feb. 14.

Dear Sirs,—I herewith enclose amount for two subscriptions. Permit me to add one more Diamond Jubilee appreciation from the far west. The 'Weekly Witness' has been a visitor in our family for about thirty years. Our young people have grown up with it, and it has had no small influence in forming their character on right lines. The longer it comes the better we like it.

Since engaging in editorial work myself I have found the 'Daily Witness' a most valuable assistant, with its fund of information from almost everywhere, and about almost everything. 'World Wide' is a mine of information. Good to have, hard to do without. May still greater success be with the 'Witness' in time to come.

Yours truly,
JNO. NICHOLLS,
Editor Grenfell 'Sun.'

Roland, Man., Feb. 13.

Dear Sirs,—Permit me to join the great number of your friends in congratulating you on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of the 'Witness.' I have been a constant reader of your worthy paper for thirty years. We would scarcely know how to get along in the home were it to stop its weekly visits. Your publications are all of the highest class of newspapers, and calculated to inspire a higher state of living in the home, and the community, where they go regularly. I believe this Dominion owes a very great deal to the 'Witness' publications for the strong temperance sentiment that is abroad in our land. Long may they live to uphold the right and expose the wrong. I may say I have induced our Sunday-school this year to add several copies of the 'Messenger' to its list of literature. Respectfully yours.

GEO. PARKINSON.

Franktown, Ont., Feb. 19.

Dear Sirs,—In this your4 jubilee year, allow me to add my humble testimonial to the excellence and worth of the Montreal 'Witness.' For twenty-five years I have been a subscriber to the 'Daily Witness,' and for forty-five years a constant reader of the 'Weekly.' For the condensed nature of its secular news, the reliability of its religious intelligence, and for the clear, well-written and well-argued nature of its editorials, I consider it to be without an equal in the Dominion of Canada. Yours very truly.

THE REV. A. H. MACFARLANE.

The Manse, Metcalfe, Ont., Feb. 20.

Jno. Dougall & Sons, Montreal:

Dear Sirs,—With my renewal subscription to the 'Witness' I desire to add my congratulations, to those already received, upon the attainment of your jubilee year. For integrity, purity and fairness your paper holds the first place in the hearts of the right-thinking people of Canada. Yours truly. (REV.) S. A. WOODS, B.A

Quebec Bible Society,
1 Aberdeen street, Quebec,
Feb. 3, 1906.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—I have had the privilege of being a reader of the 'Daily Witness' for a period of thirty-three years. I sincerely approve of its attitude on all moral questions, and its readiness to encourage and aid all benevolent work, and also of its independent Liberalism in politics. In my wide range of travel, I have always commended the 'Witness,' and encouraged a more general circulation. Liberal minded, God-fearing men, and loyal citizens should give the 'Witness' a generous support as the unswerving friend of good-citizenship. Personally, as representing the 'Evangelical Alliance,' 'The Bible Society,' and 'The National Orphan Homes of Scotland' (in earlier years) I have had for these many favors. I have also had effective support in its pages during a generation of struggle for freedom of worship and soul-liberty in the Quebec district. May the 'Witness' and all its publications long continue to flourish is the sincere wish of,

Yours sincerely,
EDWARD J. STOBO.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 13.

Gentlemen,—Please find enclosed renewal for the 'World Wide.' It is a pleasure once in a while to get a little good sound reading after all the rubbish that one has to wade through in the newspapers. Yours sincerely.

JOHN J. TELFORD.

THE 'WITNESS' NEW SERIAL STORY

TELL YOUR FRIENDS

that the 'Witness' has been most fortunate in securing for the benefit of its readers the exclusive Canadian rights of the new story entitled 'Saints in Society.'

SAINTS IN SOCIETY

This story has most deservedly just won the first prize in the first novel competition of one of the world's leading book publishers. Besides being exceedingly brilliant and witty, a truly ideal newspaper serial, it will appeal strongly to women everywhere in all walks of life—alike those that are in the whirl of society, and to those who, holding themselves apart, are yet interested in its struggles and problems. Nor will the interest be confined to the women, for the strong picture of the English labor leader and the men who back him in his upward struggle is of special interest just now, and the whole influence of the story will be for good.

As this great story has cost the 'Witness' a good deal, we desire that as many as possible may enjoy it.

SPECIAL RATES TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

For four months, beginning with issue containing the first chapter of the new story, the 'Weekly Witness' will be sent for only 25 cents. Tell your friends that this is their opportunity to read a good story and have the advantages of a good newspaper for a short time for a nominal price. Subscriptions at this rate should be distinctly labelled 'Serial Story Rate,' and are only available for NEW subscribers.

Probably, if you cut out and hand the following letter to one of your friends a subscription will result:—

Publishers of the Montreal 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead':

I have not been taking the 'Witness,' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for four months, beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled 'Saints in Society.' I enclose 25 cents.

Name of new subscriber .. ..

Address .. ..

Etna, Maine, Feb. 12.

Dear Sirs,—As I am renewing for our 'Weekly Witness,' and little 'Messenger' I want to join the many friends that are sending in congratulations to the 'Witness.' I have been reading the 'Witness' for thirty-three years. My life of many shadows has often been helped and encouraged through the reading of the 'Witness' and 'Messenger.' May God bless you and prosper you in upholding righteousness. Yours truly.

ANNIE M. COREY-ROWE.

Shanly, Ont., Feb. 16.

Gentlemen,—Allow me to offer my congratulations to the 'Witness' on attaining its Diamond Jubilee. I find it one of the most reliable papers I come across, its news is authentic and its advertisements clean and pure. May it still go on renewing its youth.

WM. WELLS,
Methodist Minister.

Burlington, Wis., Feb. 15.

Dear Sirs,—Permit me to add my voice to the chorus of congratulations now reaching you upon the occasion of your Diamond Jubilee. I have been a reader of the 'Daily Witness' for several years, and have always found your columns clean, your news reliable, and your editorials so broad in scope, sane in judgment and fearless in expression, that I look upon it as a model newspaper. As a moral force, your influence has been incalculable. Always on the side of righteousness, you have been a tonic to good men and a terror to evil-doers. Long may this continue, and soon may your subscription list 'grow from more to more,' that the influence of your paper, and the coin in your treasury, 'may make one music as before, but vaster.' Sincerely yours.

R. B. BLYTH.

Cassville, Que., Feb. 12.

Dear Sirs,—My congratulations to the 'Witness' on its Diamond Jubilee. It is the best paper I know of, and each year it grows better. I cannot remember when we did not have the 'Weekly Witness,' and the last few years we have had the 'Daily.' Yours truly.

L. M. KNOWLTON.

Chelsea, Que., Feb. 15.

Dear Sirs,—I rejoice with you and your many friends that God has preserved for sixty years the life of the 'Witness' to be His witness for righteousness, temperance and judgment. I could wish that all His ministering servants (myself among the number) were as faithful witnesses along these three lines as are your publications. The 'Witness' wastes no words. In it one has not to wade through heaps of rubbish to find what is really important, as in many journals of the present day. When I am very busy I read your column, 'News in brief,' and your editorials, and when I have done so I consider I am fairly well posted on current events. I also like to read the religous part of your paper, because I know you practice what you preach. In reading most other newspapers I skip over the religous department, because I feel there is no sincerity behind it, being published alongside of prize fights, whiskey advertisements, and such like.

Wishing that the 'Witness' publications may long continue to be blessed and made a blessing, I remain, yours faithfully,

J. A. LACKEY,
Anglican Minister.

Montague, P.E.I.

Dear Sirs,—I have admired the 'Witness' for its outspoken stand on every moral issue. In fact, I have come to believe the 'Witness' about right on all the great questions of the day. I read several dailies, but consider your editorials superior to any in Canada. In a time of so much fraud, sensationalism, infidelity, graft and political corruption, it is certainly refreshing to have a great daily like the 'Witness' standing out square and true to God and native land. Long may you live and great may your prosperity be, for you deserve it at the hands of all Canadians and all true men. Yours sincerely,

F. D. DAVIDSON,
Pastor Baptist Church.

Cooksville, Ont., Feb. 12.

Dear Sirs,—Please accept congratulations on the Jubilee of your invaluable paper. The 'Witness' is, and has been, so fully identified with all that makes for national and individual righteousness that, were it to suddenly cease its daily and weekly visits, its disappearance would entail a loss to the Kingdom of God impossible to estimate. May it renew its youth and continue to lead the press of our beloved Canada in the battle for higher ideals, is the prayer of its many subscribers. Please renew my subscription to the 'Daily Witness' and 'World Wide.'

Yours most cordially,

P. A. JOURDAN.

SPECIAL DIAMOND JUBILEE CLUB OFFERS.

We want each reader to send us one of the clubs below.

If each reader accomplished this, and we are sure it is possible to almost everyone—then our publications would have the largest circulation of any in the Dominion, and we would make a number of improvements without delay—improvements that each reader would immediately recognize and appreciate.

Four Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' separately addressed, worth $1.60, for only **$1.00,** three of whom must be new subscribers.

One Subscription each to the 'Northern Messenger' and 'Daily Witness,' ..... worth $3.40, for only **$3.10**

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SAMPLES FREE—Agents and Club Raisers will get further information and samples on application.

NOTE. — These rates will be subject to our usual postal regulations, as follows:—POSTAGE INCLUDED for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Barbadoes, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus; also to the United States, Hawaiian Islands and Philippine Islands. POSTAGE EXTRA to all countries not named in the foregoing list, as follows: 'Daily Witness,' $3.50 extra; 'Weekly Witness,' $1 extra; 'Northern Messenger,' 50c extra; 'World Wide,' subschiptien price, including postage to foreign countries, only $1.50.

Note - Subscribers getting up clubs are entitled to charge full subscription rates from new subscribers and to retain the difference between these and the above club rate to cover their expenses.

Note—One's own subscription does not count in this offer because it does not require can assing.

Note—Those working for other premiums will not benefit by these offers.

X **Note—To stimulate further effort, and as some will find it easy to get more than three or four subscribers, we will in addition to the foregoing remarkable offers, commencing November 15th, 1905, and until further notice, award each day to the subscriber sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for our various publications on that day,** X

OUR RED LETTER COLORED PLATE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.

These Bibles would appear to be good value at four dollars each

If there should happen to be a tie for the largest amount in any given day the premium will be awarded to the one farthest away, because his remittance will have been mailed earlier than the other.

NOTE.— Sunday-School Clubs for the 'Messenger' will not count under this offer because they are not secured individually; because usually no one in particular is properly entitled to the premium; and because they are generally large, and to include them would only discourage those working up small individual lists. Neither will remittances count from news agents, from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications.

Those who prefer, instead of working on the basis of the above Club offers, may take subscriptions for any of our publications at the full rates, and we will allow a commission of twenty-five percent (one quarter) on renewal subscriptions and fifty perseent (one half) on new subscriptions. But these terms are only available for those sending Five dollars or more at a time.

NOTE.—New subscribers are people who have not been readers of our publications, or who have not for at least two years lived in homes where they have been taken.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

A Neglected Virtue.

Hospitality is one of the first virtues as well as one of the finest courtesies of life. One can do nothing better for a friend or confer a higher honor upon a stranger than to throw open the doors of his house with a generous invitation to join the family circle for a time. In the construction of a modern house a blunder fully as serious as the omission of a bathroom or a heating plant is the failure to provide one room more than the family will ordinarily need—a guest chamber. As an aid to culture and refinement, as a means to the proper training of the children in good manners and self-respect there is nothing more effective than a wise and liberal hospitality. To the fact that his parents kept open house for the circuit preacher, the occasional sojourner, the visiting friend from the old home in the East, many a young person in the middle and western part of the country owes his early and useful knowledge of the ways of the world, his ease in society, and a fund of information gathered from the conversation to which often he has listened in breathless interest.

Hospitality is only one degree less valuable as an educational measure than travel. Next to seeing all lands and peoples and customs is to meet those who have travelled in distant parts and brought back in their conversation specimens of what their faculty of observation picked up, understood and retained. It is true that 'as iron sharpens iron so a man sharpens the countenance of his friend,' the parent who denies himself and his family of growing children the benefit and pleasure of an occasional guest must be regarded as stupid and stingy and selfish.

But this virtue should find its spring not only in the fact that a guest in the house is a source of inspiration, that he leaves behind him the influences of his individuality that the Scripture enjoins hospitality on the ground that we may be entertaining angels unawares,

SUBSCRIBERS SECURING OUR DAILY JUBILEE AWARD

16th week ENDING FEBRUARY 24. 96th Bible

Probably none of those securing these awards expect them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. These letters are being reproduced in our columns.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the 'Witness.' Read the above special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given away each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

The list of successful club raisers for the week ending Saturday, February 24.

Monday, Feb. 19.—Postmaster, Moore, Ont.	$ 3.75
Tuesday, Feb. 20.—W. E. Armstrong, Grenville Ferry, N.S.	6.75
Wednesday, Feb. 21.—S. McClinton, Black Bank, Ont.	5.20
Thursday, Feb. 22.—Wm. Wood, Rockton, Ont.	6.85
Friday, Feb. 23.—Mrs. Geo. Wilson, Scotch Line, Ont.	5.00
Saturday, Feb. 24.—John Tannahill, Whites Station, Que.	37.00

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles Free, besides their commission.

(Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the "Northern Messenger,' or from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer.)

Who will be the successful subscriber next week? for conditions see "Special Diamond Jubilee Offers" above.

Mount Albert, Ont., Feb. 17.

Dear Sirs,—I received the Bible, and am very much pleased with it, and I certainly found it all it was said to be, and even more. Please accept my many thanks for it, also my heartiest congratulations on your Diamond Jubilee, and best of wishes for all years to come.

OLIVE I. DUNN.

St. Telesphore, Que., Feb. 15.

Dear Sirs,—I received your Red Letter Bible in good order, and was very much surprised to receive such a fine Bible for the small amount sent you. I sincerely thank you for the prize and hope you may prosper in the good work you are doing. I am yours sincerely,

ROBERT DEWAR.

but also in the truth and obligations of brotherhood.

Emerson in his essay on 'Friendship,' says: 'We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by pride, by blood, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, but we can scarcely believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed and we so pure that we can offer him tenderness?'

Yet this is the very thing men need. When they come on voyages of discovery in our neighborhood they do not relish a flight of poisoned arrows, but they seek the gold and silver of our hearts. In some directions mankind is not slow to recognize and act upon the fact. The sick are visited, the dead are buried, the orphan is housed. In these matters benevolence lies in actions, not in feelings and sentiments. Are we aware that the possession of the capacity of hospitality carries with it an obligation of use?—'Standard.'

Where Joy Went.

Through the rich man's window
Joy passed one day;
He passed the scholar's alcove
Though bidden there to stay.
He brushed the cheek of beauty
Then rested—foolish Joy—
Beneath the ragged jacket
Of a little beggar boy.

—Mary F. Butts.

Don't Bother the Maid.

One thing the young mistress, managing one or more servants for the first time, needs to understand is that the maid does not like to be interfered with. The woman who does the cooking and kitchen work likes to be told exactly what she is to do, and then permitted to go ahead and do it. It handicaps her work and ruffles her temper to have the mistress change her mind a dozen times, revoke her orders and constantly run out into the kitchen to make new suggestions. Nor does she like to have her duties doled out to her in small portions, like a child's tasks. Unless she knows her work in its entirety she cannot plan it with system, as a competent maid wishes to do. So if you are a young housewife, just beginning, have your own plans well defined, give them clearly in the morning, then do not change them nor 'fluster' your maid by interfering, but simply see that she understands your directions and follows them out to the best of her ability.—Pittsburg 'Dispatch.'

Well Pleased.

Our subscribers are well pleased with the premiums given for new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger.' The following is a sample of a few letters we are receiving:

Leamington, N. S., Feb. 12, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—I received the stereoscope and views in good order, for which please accept my thanks. I am very much pleased with them, and I think they are lovely.

Yours Respectfully,
ANNIE A. GILROY.

Lanark, Feb. 12, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—I take very much pleasure in thanking you for the beautiful Bible you sent me as a premium for the few subscriptions I got for the 'Northern Messenger.' I am twelve years old. I go to the Public School, and am in the entrance class.

Yours Truly,
ANNIE DONALDSON.

St. Thomas, Feb. 21, 1906.

Gentlemen,—I am in receipt of the Bible given as a premium for securing ten new subscribers to the 'Messenger.' I may say I am very much pleased with it, and wonder how you can give such a fine present as it is. Wishing you every success, I remain a reader of the 'Messenger.'

F. W. SOUTHERN.

Chapter I. What Leading Journalists Have Said:
" II. " " Ministers Have Said.
" III. " " Educationists Have Said.
" IV. " " Statesmen Have Said.

V—What leading business men are saying—

MR. C. R. HOSMER,

Director of the Bank of Montreal, Canadian Pacific Railway, Royal Trust of Canada, and President of the Ogilvie Milling Company of Winnipeg, Port Arthur, Montreal.

'I first saw the "Witness" in my father's home. I have never in all these years failed to read it whenever I have been where it could be obtained, and my sincere wish is that both the paper and the family who founded it may have many years of prosperity.'

MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN,

President of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, Director of the Bank of Toronto.

'I have been a constant reader of the "Witness" for more than forty years, and never appreciated it more than to-day. I continue to be an eager student in the world's college, and find your editorials conducive to a liberal education. Although my views and those of the "Witness" differ somewhat radically on the fiscal question, I have always found pleasure in reading the able presentment of the "Witness" side.'

MR. F. H. MATHEWSON,

President Board of Trade, Manager Canadian Bank of Comerce, Montreal.

'I have been a reader of the "Witness" since boyhood, and I cannot speak too highly of its excellence as a newspaper, and of the high moral tone which it has always maintained in its editorials. Your financial articles are always ably written, and most interesting.'

MR. R. WILSON-SMITH,

Ex-Mayor of Montreal.

'I have been a reader of the "Witness" for twenty-five years. I have much admired its independence, literary ability, and high moral tone. The "Witness" is honorably distinguished by the absence from its columns of reports of obnoxious, demoralizing sports, and the non-insertion of the revolting details of crimes.'

MR. W. I. GEAR,

Ex-President Montreal Board of Trade.

'It gives me great pleasure to attest to the high standing of the Montreal "Daily Witness" as a leader in commercial, political, spiritual, and moral matters; a paper with integrity of purpose, never swerving from its conceived path of justice.'

MR. THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS,

Secretary-Treasurer, National Trades and Labor Congress of Canada.

'During the twenty years I have perused its pages, the "Witness" has impressed me as endeavoring to face and discuss the cause of labor, as well as all other subjects, in a serious, straightforward, and independent manner, worthy of the best traditions of the public press before the advent of yellow journalism.'

MR. HENRY MILES,

President of the Leeming, Miles Co., New York and Montreal.

'I have been a daily reader of your paper for thirty years, and during this period it is a pleasure to state that the uniform course of its management and evidenced in all of its columns has been one of honesty of purpose and truthfulness. The consideration of financial advantage has never caused the slightest deviation from those principles one can but admire. As a business man I value the "Witness" for its truth and reliability.' In commercial matters it can be depended upon.

What do you think of it?

What avails such opinions unless you also have become a subscriber? The following coupon will help you. We want five thousand new subscribers to send their subscriptions in celebration of our Diamond Jubilee year.

Jubilee Coupon Offer.

Good if used within ten days of receipt of this issue.

THE 'WITNESS' ON TRIAL TO JAN. 1st, 1907,

for only **50** cents.

Any reader of the 'Messenger' who has never before taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly Witness,' may have the **'WEEKLY WITNESS and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD'** to January 1st, 1907, by cutting out this Coupon and sending it with Fifty Cents addressed to

Messrs. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal
Dear Sirs—As a reader of the 'Messenger,' who has neither taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly' Witness before, nor lived with others who did take it during the last two years, I am entitled to your trial offer of the 'Weekly' Witness and Canadian Homestead to January 1st, 1907, at the Special Rate of 50 cents enclosed herewith.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

A FEW MOST EXCELLENT PREMIUMS

To Stimulate Activity in Greatly Extending Our Circulation.

After examining a large number of articles, we selected the following as being the most attractive and desirable Premiums that could possibly be offered. They are all such as will add to the attractiveness of the home; some by way of usefulness and beauty, others by way of joy and merriment. For instance, the game 'Din,' and our Stereoscope will be like 'bundles of joy' and 'loads of fun.' If any one member of a family got to work at once, these premiums might be easily earned one after another. How much more quickly if several members of the family started out. And the friends who subscribed for any of the 'Witness' publications, would have full value—and might be invited to enjoy the game and stereoscope, too. Other premiums will be announced next week.

New Subscribers.

When new subscribers are stipulated it means absolutely bona-fide new subscribers. That is, people in whose homes the paper subscribed for has not been taken within the past two years, or whose name appears in our subscription list of two years ago. We only need to make this matter plain to have it faithfully carried out by our canvassers.

Renewals.

In all of the following offers two renewal subscriptions will be accepted instead of one new one, and one subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' or 'World Wide,' will count as two for the 'Northern Messenger.' One reason is that renewals are not difficult to get, but the chief reason is that renewal subscriptions are our main support, and therefore we have to depend upon them.

Those who cannot complete the 'Messenger' club required for any of the following premiums may still secure the premium desired by sending what 'Messenger' subscriptions they have taken at forty cents each, and 25 cents additional cash, instead of every subscription they are short of the required number. Those working for the following premiums must, of course, send full rates for each subscription—and must mark NEW or RENEWAL opposite each.

"DIN."

Very Funny.

This is the very latest and the funniest game yet devised. It consists of eighty cards representing the animals and fowls found in a barnyard.

The unique feature of the game is the mirth created by the various players in their attempts to imitate the cries of the different animals. The result is a side-splitting din. Just the game for these long winter evenings.

Full directions for playing sent with each game.

Any subscriber can have this great game of DIN free of charge who sends $1.60 for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' three of which must be new.

A Trip Around the World

BY MEANS OF

Laughable, Interesting and Beautiful Colored Views.

from all parts of the world. This trip will be enjoyed by young and old, and can be taken at small expense.

By an arrangements with the manufacturers, we are able to purchase this handsome Outfit at a price that permits us to make our readers a very liberal premium proposition. This Outfit consists of the following:

ONE STEREOSCOPE, with aluminum hood, and bound with dark, rich, red velvet. The frame is of fine finished cherry, with sliding bar holding the views, and with a patent folding handle.

COLORED VIEWS, made by a special process, a combination of lithographing and half-tone work, handsomely colored in natural effects. The objects in the pictures are shown in relief—not flat like an ordinary picture — and are so natural that you imagine you are right on the scene looking at them in reality. You will take as much pleasure in showing these views to others as you do in admiring them yourself.

HERE ARE THE TWO BEST PREMIUM PROPOSITIONS WE HAVE EVER MADE.

OUTFIT NO. 1.—Consists of one best Stereoscope and 24 colored views, and will be given to those sending us $1.60 for ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' six of which must be absolutely new subscribers.

OUTFIT NO. 2—Consists of fifty views, and our best Stereoscope, will be given for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, eight of which must be new.

These Stereoscopes must not be supposed to be the cheapest kind usually peddled in the country. The cheap kind was offered us also, but we knew our subscribers would appreciate the best. The difference in price is chiefly due to the superior lense used.

We mail to any address in Canada or United States post paid.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE SERIES.

(By J. H. WILLARD.)

handsomely bound. These Bible Stories cannot fail to stimulate in young people a desire for a further knowledge of the Scriptures.

The language is within the comprehension of youthful readers. Each story is complete by itself. The books will make attractive holiday gifts.

For three or more absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, one may select one of the following books, or the books will all be sent to the remitter of the club, if so directed.

'The Boy Who Obeyed'—The Story of Isaac.
'The Farmer'—The Story of Joseph.
'The Favorite Son'—The Story of Joseph.
'The Adopted Son'—The Story of Moses.
'The Boy General'—The Story of Joshua.
'The Boy at School'—The Story of Samuel.
'The Shepherd Boy'—The Story of David.
'The Boy Who Would be King'—The Story of Absalom.
'The Captive Boy'—The Story of Daniel.
'The Boy Jesus.'

REVERSIBLE SMYRNA RUG.

Size 2½ x 5 feet.

These Handsome Smyrna Rugs are made of the best wool dyed in fast colors and reversible, being same on both sides. They are of the popular size, 2½ x 5 feet, and are made up in Oriental Medallion and Floral Patterns. Great taste and harmony characterize the coloring. Having made a contract with the manufacturer to supply us with these Rugs at a very low price we are able to offer them on very reasonable terms. Though this Rug would be cheap at four dollars in any of the city carpet stores, we will give it away to any subscriber sending fourteen absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each. For every subscription short of the required number send 25c each. Thus, if the club raiser can only get ten at 40c, he will have to send one dollar extra.

The express charges will be collected of the receiver of the Rug by the Express Company, which can be ascertained as the weight being under 8 pounds.

Each new subscriber will receive, in addition a copy of our '1905 in Caricature,' being a selection of about a hundred and fifty of the best cartoons on the most important events of the year.

ONE-PIECE LACE CURTAIN

With Lambrequin Throwover.

This is the very latest thing in Lace Curtains, and is a decided novelty, having a Lambrequin Throwover, the entire Curtain being woven in one piece. This Curtain is strongly made, having overlock edges, while the design is of a neat and dainty floral pattern.

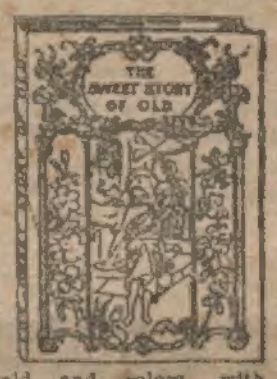
This unique Curtain fits one window, being 4 yards long and 60 inches wide, divided down the centre. It will at once appeal to the housewife whose attempt at artistic arrangement has often proved an unsatisfactory and trying task. Simply throw the Lambrequin top over the pole facing it outward, drape back the sides and it is complete.

One pair of these Lambrequin Curtains will be given for a club of five absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, post paid, to any address in Canada or the United States.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR CHILDREN.

This CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST, by Mr. Haskell, with an introduction by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., for children, and it many beautiful illustrations, makes a very attractive volume. The experience of many mothers has proved that even from earliest years, the heart of childhood is capable of being moved by the 'Sweet tory of Old.'



This book has 31 illustrations, six in colors, by artists who realize that the picture is as important as the printed page, and have made this part of the book an important feature. The book measures 5½x7½ inches, and is printed from large, clear type, on an extra good quality of paper. The cover is in cloth, beautifully decorated in gold and colors, with title on the side and back, making a very attractive looking book.

We will give a copy of this beautiful book, postpaid, for only three subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger" at 40c each.

NOTTINGHAM LACE BED SET.

Consisting of Three Pieces.

THIS VERY HANDSOME BEDROOM SET, consists of one Lace Bed Spread, size 72 by 81 inches, and one pair of Lace Pillow Shams, each 34 by 24 inches. This Set is a reproduction from a real Nottingham design, overlook edges, with ribbon effect, and Fleur de Lys centre.

READ OUR VERY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

The complete Set, consisting of Bed Spread and Two Pillow Shams, will be sent post paid, for only Ten New Yearly Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each.